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a World of Difference

By ...
Florence Jane Soman

THE moment she opened her eyes and saw the thin morning sunlight filtering through the curtains Susan was conscious of a deep core of happiness within her. With a little sigh, she turned languorously on her back, closing her eyes against the jarring brightness of reality.

Unformed, nebulous thoughts floated lazily in the dim recesses of her mind—drifting vapors that eluded the touch of memory.

But gradually the blurred picture of Dick Sheldon took on form and substance and she saw him again as she had seen him last night, standing in the hall of the Hendersons' house with the light shining down on his dark, attractive face.

"I'll ring you," he had murmured amid the hubbub of goodnights. "Probably to-morrow."

Now her eyes opened suddenly, filled with alarm. Was that what he had said exactly? "I'll ring you. Probably to-morrow"? Or had it been "Perhaps to-morrow"?

Susan gazed at the ceiling, juggling the two words in her mind. There was a world of difference in their meanings, she thought uneasily. If he had said "probably," she had a good chance of hearing from him to-day. But "perhaps" sounded vague—as if he might find the time to ring up some time or other—perhaps.

Now she felt a gathering, rising warmth within her, sluggish and sweet, and she rolled over and buried her face in the pillow. I've fallen in love, she thought, I've fallen in love.

Downstairs, the telephone trilled faintly. Susan lifted her head from the pillow with a sharp jerk and held it stiffly, her body tense and motionless. After the second ring she was in an agony of apprehension. Was no one going to answer it? Then she heard her mother's faint "Hello."

The murmuring voice continued in an even flow and Susan's tense, quivering body slumped gradually. The call wasn't for her. She glanced at her watch and saw that it was nine o'clock.

Why, it's early, she chided herself. He probably doesn't even know I'm awake. Frowning, she relived the scene from last night with intense concentration. Then her face cleared. He had said "probably." She was sure of it.

Soft, radiant little memories now filled her mind, and she took each one and turned it this way and that, as she would a jewel to catch the light. She remembered the way he threw back his head when he laughed, and the strong line of his jaw, and the lazy rhythm of his body when he walked.

Her mind returned to that moment on the sofa when, surrounded by chattering, shrieking young people, they had exchanged a long, slow look that was almost like a kiss.

Bounding out of bed, she ran over to the mirror, a slim, long-legged girl in crumpled blue pyjamas. With her face close to the glass, she stared gravely at her reflection, seeing the soft, unformed features still pink and flushed from sleep. She gazed deep into the fathomless mystery of her own eyes and thought, with a little shiver of awe: This is me, Susan Carter, 18 years old.

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SUSAN'S mother's murmuring voice drifted up to her ears and she frowned uneasily as she moved away from the mirror. How long was mother going to talk? Suppose Dick was trying to get her number this very minute?

A hard, tight lump formed in her chest at the thought. But then her mother's conversation ceased and she heard the faint click of the telephone being replaced. The lump dissolved immediately.

She ran out to the landing. "Mummy!" she called down, "I'm going to have a bath! If there's a call for me, let me know, will you?"

There was no answer—only faint sounds from the kitchen. "Mummy!" Susan shrieked. At last she heard her mother calling: "All right, all right, I heard you." She returned to her room, singing loudly.

After only a few minutes in the bath, she thought she heard her mother calling her name.

Turning off the taps, she stood motionless, dripping and shivering a little as she strained her ears. No, she had imagined it. The house was quiet.

She didn't turn on the water again. She dried herself, sprinkled talcum powder liberally over her slender body. Then she dressed quickly and pulled on a pair of slacks and a sweater. When she had combed her hair and applied a generous dash of lipstick, she was dressed.

Humming loudly, Susan ran down the stairs. In the kitchen she nuzzled her mother's warm cheek before she sat down to eat her breakfast. The crisply-fried bacon looked delicious, but, after she had eaten some of it, the thought of Dick and the telephone call made her push her plate away, a churning, sickish feeling in her stomach.

She went out into the garden, slamming the door behind her. After the dimness of the house, the morning sun fell across her head and shoulders like a pale golden shawl, and she sat down on the step and abandoned herself luxuriously to memories of the previous evening.

What was it he had said when they were standing by the radio? Something about her hair, something like—

"Susan!" a voice called from the kitchen. Opening her eyes reluctantly, she saw her mother's comfortable frame outlined at the back door. "Go to the grocer's for me will you, dear? I need some things for the week-end."

Susan groaned. "Oh, Mummy," she said in tones of anguish. "Can't Frank go? I'm expecting a terribly important call."

"Your brother has gone off somewhere," said Mrs. Carter patiently. "It'll take only a few minutes. Instead of wasting time talking about it, you could be almost there and back by now."

Susan got up reluctantly. "Oh, all right," she said. "I'm always picked on here to do everything, it seems to me. But if a call comes for me, say I'll be back directly. Will you, Mummy? Promise?"

Mrs. Carter nodded absently and gave her daughter some change and a string bag. With a sense of great urgency, Susan walked down the path, through the gate, and into the street, taking long strides.

Inside the dim little grocery store, she chafed with impatience as she waited her turn. When the telephone shrilled suddenly, she jumped—and then realisation made her relax sheepishly.

But she could imagine it ringing at home and Dick's deep voice saying: "May I speak to Susan, please?" And her mother answering: "She isn't here at the moment."

Would he ring back later? Suppose he didn't get another chance all day? The dark, terrible thought clawed at her.

With the provisions in her bag, she hurried home. As she turned the

A World of Difference

Continued from page 3

corner, she began to run, ashamed, but unable to stop herself.

When old Mr. Baxter called out from his garden: "Good morning, Sue! You're in a terrible hurry to-day!" she waved the string bag and cried: "My mother is waiting for this!" as if the entire Carter family lay emaciated in their beds, gasping for the food she carried.

It seemed to her as she neared the house that a telephone was ringing. But when she ran into the hall she realised that the sound came from next door.

"Anyone ring me?" she asked her mother breathlessly as she relinquished the provisions.

"No, dear," said her mother placidly.

Susan lounged about all the morning, fitfully reading a novel. The fictional romance of the printed page seemed pale and anaemic beside the quivering possibilities of reality.

It was still early in the day—far too early for her to begin worrying that Dick would not ring at all. The hours stretched before her in a bountiful parade of time, and she was confident that during one of them she would hear his voice.

Meanwhile, she could luxuriate in the undemanding present, and every few minutes the book sank slowly to her lap and her head lolled back as if it were weighted. Languidly she pursued her dreams, her thoughts blurring softly and deliciously, until she drowsed, drugged by the warmth of the room and tired out from the excitement of the previous evening.

"The world of conversationalists, in my experience, is divided into two classes: Those who listen to what the other person has to say, and those who use the interval to plan their next remark."

—Bruce Bliven.

A dozen times over, in her imaginings, the telephone rang, and it was Dick. She heard his voice; they spoke softly and easily together. He asked to see her that night and she said no, she was terribly sorry, but she was busy. The next night, then? His voice was anxious. Yes, she supposed she might see him then.

She was charming but a little aloof, so that he would wonder about her and worry a little. That was the way to do it.

The shrill ring of the telephone pierced the air. Susan jerked sharply in her chair. The ring was cut off abruptly by her mother's soft voice.

Then: "Susan! It's for you!"

"O.K.," she said thickly.

Her body seemed huge and clumsy as she hastily extricated herself from the deep chair, striking her shin sharply against the wood. But she was only vaguely conscious of the pain as she went into the little room off the hall. For a throbbing second she stared at the receiver resting innocuously on its side—a black, inscrutable mystery that might be concealing Dick's voice somewhere within its depths. With a little shiver she picked it up.

"Hallo," she said in a cool little voice.

A high feminine voice shrilled in her ear. "Hallo, Sue! This is Myra!"

Oh, no, Susan thought bleakly. Her heart plunged in a sickening dip of disappointment, and she was suddenly aware of the dull pain in her leg. Throughout the long conversation that followed she tried to limit her talk to lagging monosyllables. The thought that Dick might be trying to get her number only increased her restlessness.

When she finally hung up the receiver it was with the feeling of

having been relieved of a heavy burden.

She turned away from the phone. Suddenly she looked round to make sure she had replaced the receiver firmly in its cradle. Then, humming loudly and wearing a bright expression, she passed her mother coming out of the kitchen.

"That was the call I was waiting for," she said in tones of deep relief as she returned to her book and her chair. But as she settled back again she frowned uneasily, wondering if she had sounded convincing.

A grave mistake had been made, she knew, in announcing earlier that she was expecting an important telephone call. Her mother was an understanding woman, and, unless Susan were on her guard from now on, she would sense that her daughter had a young man on her mind and was waiting to hear from him.

This knowledge she would keep to herself, but her veiled sympathy would flick at Susan's pride, and the secret sharing of the vigil would grate further on the raw edges of her nerves.

Oh, to have the house to herself to-day! To pace unashamedly up and down beside the telephone, to bite her fingernails if she wanted to, to sigh and yearn and strain openly for the ring that would bring to an end this bitter-sweet suspense! But these were luxuries she could not afford. Instead, she must be wary, presenting a smooth, unruffled surface that would cover her pride with dignity.

After a lunch that was tasteless, Susan retired to her room carrying a book as justification for her inactivity. But although she peered into it with sudden absorption whenever she heard someone coming up the stairs, the words remained meaningless, and she lay back on her bed as in a dream.

At frequent intervals she consulted her watch, and this action was invariably followed by a jagged sigh. The morning had gone and now it was afternoon. The first faint cloud of doubt had begun to gather on her horizon, and its surprisingly long shadow fell upon her spirit, bringing with it a chill of foreboding.

She began to worry a little. How could she be sure he would ring at all? How did she know that he had been as strongly attracted to her as she had been to him? If their emotional reaction to each other had been equal, she thought moodily, he would have rung up very, very early this morning.

It seemed to her now that every passing hour revealed further the shallowness of her feeling.

The sound of someone coming up the path to the house made Susan leap from the bed and run to the window in alarm, but, at the sight of the plump, sandy-haired girl outside, she relaxed in deep relief.

It was Barbara, her dearest friend, and the only human being whose company could be borne to-day. To each other they ruthlessly unveiled their innermost secrets, and in the baring of their hearts and minds they each obtained an inexpressible comfort and release.

Some of the pressure within Susan eased with the arrival of this friend whom she greeted with affectionate cries.

"Come, straight up," she called, leaning out of the window, "I'm in my room."

A few minutes later, as Barbara sank down on the bed beside her she said fervently: "I was dying to give you a ring and tell you to come over, but Dick Sheldon said last night that he would probably ring me to-day and I didn't want to use the telephone, even for a second."

Barbara nodded. "Naturally," she said.

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HOLLYWOOD REVENGE

MIKE MCKENZIE was a writer on the Superba Pictures lot when Buzzy Baxter and Dolly James began tossing those knives at each other, and Mike got caught in the middle.

This Buzzy Baxter I am speaking about is an old-timer in Hollywood, and when it comes to tossing knives around she really knows her stuff. Every day she writes a column for a string of newspapers, and the way Buzzy tells it you would think there is only one keyhole in Hollywood, and she's got dibs on it.

There is quite a long time when nobody gives Buzzy much of an argument about this, but when Dolly James showed up at the studios everything is all of a sudden different. Right away Dolly is telling the world that Buzzy can now move over and at least make enough room at this keyhole for just one more.

Before this, Dolly had been writing a column of Broadway gossip for the "New York Blade," so her boss on the "Blade" is putting her in a hot spot, sending her to Hollywood in competition with Buzzy Baxter.

It is when Mike McKenzie signs up a contract with Superba that Buzzy turns loose the first one of those knives I am speaking about. When Dolly was writing her Broadway column, Mike was a sports writer on the "Blade," and although Dolly is old enough to be Mike's mother, they are really very pally. So as soon as Dolly is in Hollywood she is beating the drums for Mike.

She tells everybody about some short stories which Mike wrote for the magazines, and she will make a bet that with writing pictures he will be a natural.

At this time, Manny Waxman is Superba's big man, and after Dolly gave Manny an awful he brought Mike out from New York on one of those trick option deals. Mike's got twelve weeks at small money to show what he can do, and if Mike's got what it takes the studio will pick up his option.

When Mike showed up at the studio, I am assigned to be his secretary, and I am right away willing to take a piece of Dolly's bet. Mike is still on the sunny side of thirty, and he's got a jaw and a mop of red hair which says if the party should ever get rough he will probably do all right for himself.

His first job for Superba is to dream up a story for Clive Danforth and Toni Blair. Clive is Superba's top boy at the box office at this time, but Toni Blair is only what in Hollywood they call a starlet. She's a blonde, and a very smart little number. She's already clicked with small parts in pictures, and the studio figures that maybe now she might be able to go places fast.

Toni went places fast with Mike, and during the next six weeks he is really giving his typewriter a beating. After I looked at only a few of these words I am still stringing along with Dolly James. Any time he makes with a typewriter, Mike is really cooking with gas.

Dolly is still boosting Mike all over town, and when she's got the right kind of a spot, she will drop into her column a little plug for this story Mike is writing for Clive and Toni. It is maybe on account of Dolly sounding off so much about Mike that Buzzy Baxter all of a



"Listen," Mike said, "if you pass up Hollywood now, there'll be a day when you'll hate me for it, knowing you did it on my account."

sudden makes a quick pass for one of those knives and picks out her first target.

"Poor Toni Blair," Buzzy writes in her column. "Toni is such a promising young actress, but she always seems to have such bad luck. Toni was counting on her first big break, but now we learn that the story for this picture is being written by a complete novice! Is Manny Waxman so busy these days he doesn't know what chances his underlings are taking? Or has he been listening to bad advice?"

Gazunk! That one hit right home! Manny all of a sudden clams up with Mike, and then Mike's agent, Al Brockman, drops in on him.

"Got bad news for you, kid," Al says. "They're shelving the Danforth-Blair story."

"Why?" Mike wants to know. "Manny Waxman's been telling me for six weeks he was nuts about it."

"It's on account of that Baxter dame," Al tells him.

"She really gave you the kiss of death."

"Is Buzzy paying my salary?" Mike asks. "The way I heard it, Superba was struck every week."

"There's a lot of rabbit blood in this town," Al explains. "Manny's got his share of it, and right now he's adding up some scary figures. When he does out how many people are listening any time Buzzy gives out with a rap, he gets the shakes."

"Okay," Mike shrugs it off. "So the story for Danforth and Miss Blair is up the flue. Now what?"

"Now it gets worse," Al says. "They're buying up the balance of your contract, kid. You're getting one hundred cents on the dollar, but you're supposed to be out of here by to-morrow night."

All of a sudden there wasn't any blood left in Mike's face. When he spoke again, his voice was very quiet.

"I'll be out of here," he says. "To-morrow night I'll be on that New York plane. But before I shove

off you might be able to do me a real favor, Al."

"Name it," Al says.

"Could you fix it for me to meet Miss Blair?" Mike asks him. "I'd like to tell her how much better she is than these carrot eaters she's working for."

It was the next afternoon when Mike came in to tell me good-bye. I asked him if Al Brockman did him any good with Toni.

"We had lunch," Mike tells me. "To-day."

"Was she nice?" I asked him.

"We did all right," he says. "We've even got plans."

"No kidding," I says. "You must be a fast worker, Mr. McKenzie."

"Nothing personal," Mike says.

"Just professional. When I hit New York I'm putting the first page of the first act of a new play in my typewriter, with Miss Blair in mind for the top part. If anybody likes it when it's finished, we'll see if we

"Swing Street Blues" might be make or break with Toni and Mike both.

At this stage, they are both working so hard they are still with each other strictly professional.

When Mike's play went into rehearsal, Dolly James is still battling Buzzy Baxter in Hollywood, and she figures if once in a while the name of his play shows up in her column, it will at least do nobody any harm.

"My Broadway operatives report a new romance between the author and the leading lady of 'Swing Street Blues,'" Dolly writes in her column. "At lunch yesterday, Mike McKenzie and Toni Blair were a tender two-some in a cosy corner."

When Mike and Toni met at rehearsal they laughed off this dream-up of Dolly's, but the way Mike tells it to me later, they are only kidding themselves. And even if they would like to cool off, Dolly James doesn't help them any.

During the next three weeks she writes in her column they are holding hands in night clubs, they are looking for those quiet benches in the park, and they are playing love scenes together which are not in the script of Mike's play.

One night at the theatre they are rehearsing quite late, and Mike makes up his mind he will find out what the score is with Toni.

"I see by the papers I've been seeing you all over town," Mike says. "Would you like to make it official?"

"To-night?" Toni smiles at Mike. "Why not?" Mike says. "We'd at least make an honest woman out of Dolly James. Don't you think we owe her that much anyway?"

"I'm sure we do," Toni says. "But wouldn't it be nice if we just kept this one all to ourselves?"

"I'm for that," Mike says. "We won't even tell Buzzy Baxter."

It is a warm night in September, and after they are in a taxi with the top down, Mike and Toni decide

they will go for a slow spin around the park.

For a while they just talk about the play and what happened with them both in Hollywood. But pretty soon they are in the park, and for quite a little while they are not saying anything. They are just watching the night go by in the moonlight. It is Mike gets them started talking again.

"Funny thing about being a newspaperman," he says to Toni. "You get so that checking up on facts is a habit."

"Yes," Toni says. "I suppose so."

"Just recently I was checking on a rumor," Mike goes on. "The way I heard it, this Mike McKenzie is simply out of his mind about this Toni Blair. Surprising how much you can learn if you just ask questions in the right places. It's really true what they're saying about this McKenzie."

"Oh," Toni says. "Are you sure?"

"No doubt of it," Mike says. "If I could only pin down the woman's angle, I might have myself quite a story. Doesn't mean anything, of course, unless I can find out what Miss Blair thinks."

"Curiously enough," Toni picks it up, "I can give you some very good information about Miss Blair. She's crazy about McKenzie."

"Well, what do you know?" Mike says. "Maybe this Dolly James really knows her stuff, huh?"

"Yes," Toni says. "She does. Oh, Mike, let's be terribly successful," she says. "It'll be such fun being successful together."

"We'll click," Mike tells her. "All we need is the right kind of a start. Are you doing anything special on Monday?"

"Not much," Toni smiles at him. "I'm just opening on Broadway in a wonderful play by Mike McKenzie."

"I mean around lunchtime," Mike says. "It's a nice time of day to get married."

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By PATTERSON McNUTT

can fix it so she can come back to Broadway to do it."

"Wonderful," I says. "I'll keep my fingers crossed."

Mike grinned at me. "If the thing clicks, I might be back here again," he says.

In New York some months later, Mike is at least not doing so bad for himself with his play. "Swing Street Blues" is the name, and it's in rehearsal at a Broadway theatre. Mike is really calling his shots with this play, because nobody less than Toni Blair is playing the top part.

With Hollywood, Toni is now also on a spot. Superba never did come up with a story which they figured was right for her, and pretty soon the studio began to cool off on Toni's chances in pictures. While the chill is on, they don't even take up her option, and the way it is now, Toni's got to scramble just to get her foot back on that Hollywood ladder.

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CROOKED HOUSE

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

PRACTICALLY any member of his large household could have been guilty of the murder of wealthy Greek, ARISTIDE LEONIDES.

The household comprises BRENDA, his young second wife; ROGER, his eldest son, and CLEMENCY, Roger's wife; another son, PHILIP, his mistress wife, MAGDA, and their three children, SOPHIA, EUSTACE, and JOSEPHINE; LAURENCE BROWN, tutor; EDITH DE HAVILAND, sister of Aristide's first wife; NANNIE, a former nursemaid.

CHARLES HAYWARD, in love with Sophia, is unofficially assisting CHIEF-INSPECTOR TAVERNER, at the suggestion of his father, a Scotland Yard Commissioner.

Developments include trouble over Aristide's will, and increasing evidence that Brenda and Laurence are in love; while Charles is amazed at the information supplied by the child Josephine.

He and Sophia are further surprised when Magda tells them that Edith de Haviland, who always claimed to disapprove of Aristide, was actually in love with him.

Charles continues his story—

SOPHIA said firmly, "Mother, you shouldn't talk like that. We all know it's not true."

"Now don't try to contradict me, Sophia," Magda said lightly. "Naturally, at your age, you think love is all two good-looking young people in the moonlight."

"Miss de Haviland told me," I said, "that she had always disliked her brother-in-law."

"Probably she did when she first came. She'd been angry with her sister for marrying him. I dare say there was always some antagonism—but she was in love with him all right! Darlings, I do know what I'm talking about!" She gave us a sweet, half-true smile.

"Of course, with deceased wife's sister, and all that, he couldn't have married her, and I dare say he never thought of it—and quite probably she didn't, either. She was quite happy mothering the children, and having fights with him. But she didn't like it when he married Brenda. She didn't like it a bit!"

"No more did you and father," said Sophia.

"No, of course we hated it! Naturally! But Edith hated it most. Darling, the way I've seen her look at Brenda!"

"No, mother," said Sophia.

Magda threw her an affectionate and half-guilty glance, the glance of a mischievous, spoilt child. She went on, with no apparent realisation of any lack of continuity: "I've decided Josephine really must go to school."

"Josephine? To school?"

"Yes. To Switzerland. I'm going to see about it to-morrow. I really think we might get her off at once. It's so bad for her to be mixed up in a horrid business like this. She's getting quite morbid about it. What she needs is other children of her own age. School life. I've always thought so."

"Grandfather didn't want her to go to school," said Sophia slowly. "He was very much against it."

"Darling old Sweetie Pie liked us all here under his eye. Very old people are often selfish in that way. A child ought to be among other

PART SEVEN OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

children. And Switzerland is so healthy—all the winter sports, and the air, and such much, much better food than we get here!"

"It will be difficult to arrange for Switzerland now with all the currency regulations, won't it?" I asked.

"Nonsense, Charles. There's some kind of educational racket—or you exchange with a Swiss child—there are all sorts of ways. Rudolf Alstir in Lausanne. I shall wire him to-morrow to arrange everything. We can get her off by the end of the week!"

Magda punched a cushion, smiled at us, went to the door, stood a moment looking back at us in a quite enchanting fashion.

"It's only the young who count," she said. As she said it, it was a lovely line. "They must always come first. And, darlings—think of the flowers—the blue gentians, the narcissus..."

"At this time of year?" asked Sophia, but Magda had gone.

Sophia heaved an exasperated sigh.

"Really," she said. "Mother is too trying! She gets these sudden ideas, and she sends thousands of telegrams and everything has to be arranged at a moment's notice. Why should Josephine be hustled off to Switzerland all in a flurry?"

"There's probably something in the idea of school. I think children of her own age would be a good thing for Josephine."

"Grandfather didn't think so," said Sophia obstinately.

I felt slightly irritated. "Sophia, do you really think an old gentleman of over eighty is the best judge of a child's welfare?"

"He was about the best judge of anybody in this house," said Sophia. "Better than your Aunt Edith?"

"No, perhaps not. She did rather favor school. I admit Josephine's got into rather difficult ways—she's got a horrible habit of snooping. But I really think it's just because she's playing detectives."

Was it only concern for Josephine's welfare which had occasioned Magda's sudden decision? I wondered. Josephine was remarkably well informed about all sorts of things that had happened prior to the murder and which had been certainly no business of hers.

A healthy school life with plenty of games would probably do her a world of good. But I did rather wonder at the suddenness and urgency of Magda's decision. Switzerland was a long way off.

My father had said: "Let them talk to you."

As I shaved the following morning, I considered just how far that had taken me.

Edith de Haviland had talked to me—she had sought me out for that special purpose. Clemency had talked to me (or had I talked to her?). Magda had talked to me in a sense—that is, I had formed part of the audience to one of her broadcasts. Sophia naturally had talked to me. Even Nannie had talked to me.

Was I any the wiser for what I had learned from them all? Was there any significant word or phrase? More, was there any evidence of a murderer's abnormal vanity on which my father had laid stress? I couldn't see that there was.

The only person who had shown absolutely no desire to talk to me in any way, or on any subject, was Philip. Was not that, in a way, rather abnormal?

He must know by now that I wanted to marry his daughter. Yet he continued to act as though I was not in the house at all. Presumably he resented my presence there. Edith had shown herself concerned about Philip. Why?

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"They're not going to make an arrest, are they?" Laurence asked furtively.





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THE IMITATION AMERICAN

She tried, in bravado, to hide her fear of this strange boat—so unlike a canoe.

MISS OFFICERS ONLY was the most beautiful girl on the island of Biak, off the north coast of New Guinea and once the scene of fighting between soldiers of the American and Japanese Armies. The Japs had been there first, on what they fancied to be on their way to Australia, but the Americans were there last, and longer.

In the end, even the Americans went away. This dark little native lady, now eighteen, was lithe in form, her hair attractively massed, her features well within the local tradition—in short, a knockout.

She had got her name from a sign above the door of the fine structure into which her family had moved after the American exodus, for taking such names then was fashionable among the Biakians. If there was no sign over the door of a place left by the Americans, it was easy to find one elsewhere and hang it up.

These were translated, however loosely, by Miss Officers Only's fiancé, the only person who felt he knew what they meant; for, owing to the resourcefulness of a corporal of an engineer battalion, he had been, in effect, an American soldier.

The corporal had shorn the well-matted hair of this young Biakian with a machete and a pair of tin shears, dressed him in an old uniform, and trained him to stand early-morning formations and say "Here!" when the corporal's name was called.

Later the corporal taught him to stand in mess lines and bring back to the corporal's cot large helpings of chow, which the corporal ate when he woke up.

When the Americans went away,

he had selected a name that he had noticed carried great weight with the soldiers. In a word, his name was Beer To-day.

He had hung this sign above the door of his home, a B-24 Liberator bomber. This was the only B-24 left behind on the island, and easily ranked as Biak's first real mansion.

Of course, this resplendent residence, the magic sign and Beer To-day's uniform with the chevrons on it—a parting gift from his former employer—all were so much ballawalla, or prestige, or front, but, just the same, Beer To-day was no fool.

He backed it all up, on the practical side, by ownership of a contrivance so outstandingly useful that he just about ruled the island of Biak.

This was a small boat with an engine in it, which he knew how to run—again thanks to the American corporal. In a culture based upon the efficiency of the outrigger canoe, the importance of this scarcely can be over-stated.

Beer To-day could tow a dozen such canoes, the owners sitting back in unaccustomed ease, wrapped in a state of grateful astonishment as they moved effortlessly to the fishing ground, or on social visits to another smaller island, to chat or play games.

Beer To-day's towing fees, payable in fish and coconuts, had everybody in debt to him, and he figured he was the richest man north of Australia.

One day in the summer of 1948, a beautiful, unbearably hot day, the air like boiling wine, Miss Officers Only might have been observed walking daintily down to the shore to keep a date with Beer To-day, the thick soles of her feet rippling

easily over the sharp coral.

As she approached the water she saw a friend of long standing, This Way Out, sitting on a flat rock.

She hesitated. This Way Out was an opponent of Beer To-day's new-fangled American-standard-of-living regime. He was in favor of going back to the old thatched-hut village a mile down the shore, of a return to the old days and customs.

But he saw her, and she smiled. "Hi!" she said, in rough translation. "Hi," This Way Out said. "Squat."

Miss Officers Only did so. "What's new?" she asked lightly.

This Way Out laughed bitterly. "Your friend Beer To-day is pulling a new one. He says that pretty soon he's going to have mail for all of us every day. How do you like that one?"

"Well, the Americans liked it."

"Of course. They thought it was wonderful. But is that any sign we would? Let me ask you a single question: What would you do with the mail if you had some? And how would Beer To-day go about getting it for us? He doesn't know.

machinery myself." Miss Officers Only glanced up the shore. "Oh! Here he comes."

Sure enough, Beer To-day was approaching. This Way Out groaned. Not only did he dislike Beer To-day personally and politically, but Beer To-day was in full uniform, while This Way Out wasn't even wearing a suit of clothes.

Beer To-day came up, and, ignoring This Way Out, winked at Miss Officers Only. "My aching back!" he said. "When we go home. Dug-out Doug! Here! Chow!"

Miss Officers Only laughed a bit cooly. "Oh, you and your English, Beer To-day!"

This Way Out frowned. "Things are tough all over, Joe," he said loudly. This was all the English he knew, having picked it up from an American private, but it always infuriated Beer To-day, because Beer To-day, in spite of his fluency otherwise, couldn't quite manage it.

Beer To-day glared at him. "Look, you," he said, "I'll do the English speaking around here. Get it? Stand up!"

This Way Out stood up. Beer To-day executed a right hook, and This Way Out fell to the ground. This American thing of doubling up your hand and throwing

it at another person seemed utterly without point to the Biakians. It was entirely puzzling. Nothing to do about it. You simply fell down.

This Way Out, not knowing what else to do, got up and walked away.

"Have you ever tried being nice?" Miss Officers Only asked in an even tone. "You hurt him."

Beer To-day squatted beside her. "I wanted him to go away. I got some private business with you." Miss Officers Only's heart beat rapidly. Beer To-day took a folded

piece of paper from his pocket. He said, "I need your house."

The shoulders of Miss Officers Only sagged. She had feared this, for her parents' residence was second only in class to the B-24 of Beer To-day and she had seen him looking it over. In fact, he had spoken of the Officers Only estate more and more lately, and less and less of love. She was aware, as everyone else was, of his owning the American sheets of paper, of which he carefully had gathered, then hoarded, all he could find. It was a major pillar of his vast wealth.

"I need a proper warehouse," he went on. "My riches are too scattered. I want everything in one place, where I can count what I own and be sure I have it. Especially my tinny goods."

Here Beer To-day referred to the stock of a tinny-meat delicacy that the Americans inadvertently had left behind and that had gravitated to him because he alone knew how to open the containers.

"Take the paper," he said. "Put it in your hair." He handed it to her. "It's yours."

Miss Officers Only leaned away. "No!"

"Yes!" Beer To-day jammed the paper into her coiffure. "Tell your folks I'll take possession of the place to-morrow."

"Possession?"

"Of course. You have the paper. Everything in order. You don't think I'd cheat you, do you?"

"Of course not, Beer To-day."

"Okay. When you want to buy something, take the paper out of your hair and hand it over. It's perfectly legal."

"Are you sure it will work?"

"You just saw it work, didn't you?" Beer To-day laughed. "Come on, I'll take you for a boat ride."

Please turn to page 36

By DONALD HOUGH

It's like that airplane, his home, that he's promising everybody a ride in. That thing will never fly."

"It did once. I saw it. Why can't it again?"

"It just can't. There are many reasons, but for one thing, no engines."

Miss Officers Only thought it over. "He makes the boat go."

This Way Out narrowed his eyes. "So far," he said. "One of these fine days that thing is going to stop."

"I don't know much about

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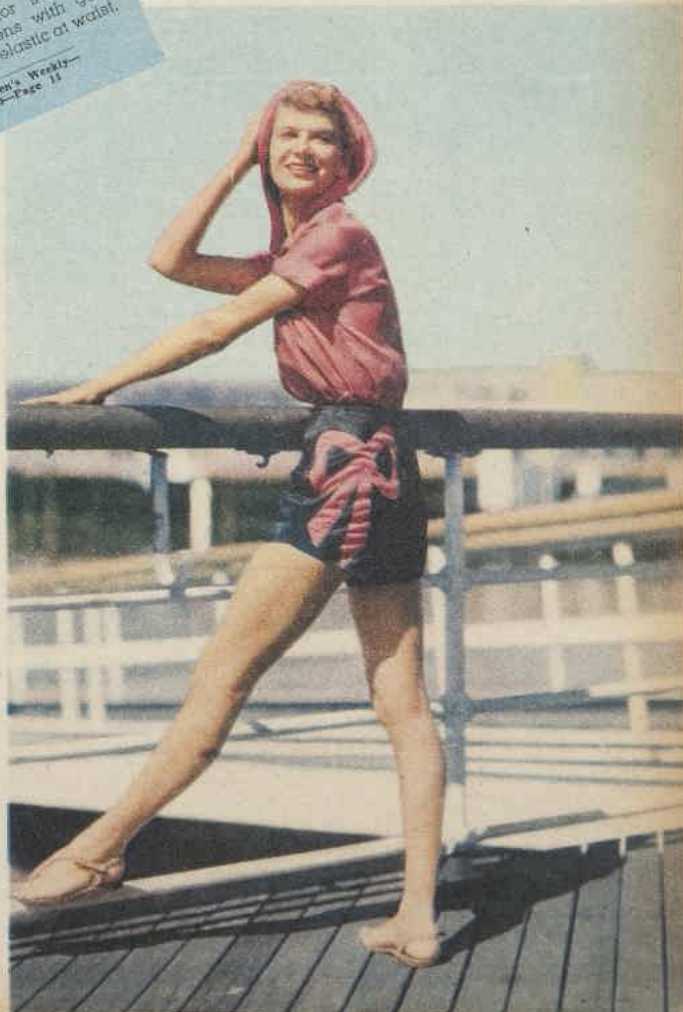
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- Geranium-red poplin fly-away beachcoat at left has waist well defined, with jaunty sash tied in a knot.
- Twisted bra and step-in pants that lie at the side are new features of floral silk jersey two-piece at the right.
- Rayon that looks like linen makes aqua sunsuit, below on left. Coat has full back, and buttons down the front.
- Tiesilk and tulle for swimsuit, below right. Jacket fastens with gold hooks and eyes and has elastic at waist.

The Australian Women's Weekly—
January 28, 1966—Page 11



Which Twin has the Toni

—and which has the expensive perm
(see answer below)



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Your second Toni costs only 10/- because the plastic curlers can be used again and again. All you need is the Toni Refill. Which Twin has the Toni? Pictured above are Moyna and Norma Spike, of Maroubra, N.S.W. Moyna, the twin on the left has the Toni! No one can tell the difference between her Toni and Norma's expensive salon perm.



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73-48



A KISS for Chevalier from Mariene Dietrich when she went backstage to welcome him on his return to Hollywood with his own stage show in 1948, after an absence of 12 years.



MAURICE AND WIFE, the beautiful Yvonne Vallee, arriving in London in the '20's, when he was earning thousands a week as a revue artist.

THE MAN IN THE STRAW HAT

Maurice Chevalier writes book about his career and his loves

By PETER HASTINGS of our New York staff

Best-seller in American bookshops at present is "The Man in the Straw Hat."

Here is an autobiography as tender, gay, wistful and melancholy as the man who wrote it—61-year-old Maurice Chevalier, the man in the straw hat, with the underslung lip and easy dinner-jacket.

CHEVALIER has spent 50 of his 60 years entertaining people. To his many Australian fans he is known only through his Hollywood films. Fans will remember such chocolate-frosted concoctions as "The Love Parade" with Jeanette MacDonald and "The Big Pond" with Claudette Colbert.

He started his life's work as "entertainer"—a distinction he insists on as being important in France—in the tough, rough Parisian suburb of Montmartre at the age of 11.

He got his first job as an unpaid, off-key singer of bawdy songs before rowdy, drunken audiences in unsavory bars. His professional equipment then (and even now), he insists, was slight.

Of his broken, melodious voice which has charmed millions he writes: "Ah, I've been lucky all right. Because for half a century, with almost no voice I have been able to attract and then hold the interest of the French public." And that of his devoted London and New York audiences, he might have added.

Chevalier's rise to fame was the result of painstaking application, trial, and error, and, in the final analysis, his rare gift of being able to attune himself to any audience.

Living with his beloved mother (whom the family called La Louque, for no other reason, says Maurice, than that the nickname, itself meaningless, suited her), Chevalier was the family breadwinner.

He taught himself to dance, to sing, to read music, and to box, so that he could "hold his own" against the gangs who roamed his suburb.

He was hooted off stages, embroiled in fights with angry audiences, and regularly sacked by dis-

satisfied cabaret and music-hall owners.

But he learnt steadily all the time.

His first great break came in Marseilles, France's traditionally tough southern port.

He was 17 years old. On the opening night he looked out on an audience mainly composed of disgruntled soldiers and sailors, all of them armed with knives and bottles.

He remembered vivid stories of what Marseilles audiences did to unpopular actors. "This," he said to himself, "is the famous theatre where gangs shoot at each other across the balconies, where they tear your ears off, where they tear your fingers off with your rings to get the job done more quickly."

Maurice was billed third on the programme. The two stars preceding him were hooted off the stage. Maurice offered his resignation to the manager. It wasn't accepted.

With trembling legs he walked on stage. The audience was still laughing loudly at their successful defeat of the other two comedians.

Maurice went on walking round and round the stage. Finally he stopped, looked at the audience, stuck out his lower lip and winked.

Then he burst into one of his now famous songs about Montmartre.

"When I finished the applause was deafening," he writes.

He had conquered the provinces. Offers came thick and fast between 1908 and 1914. In 1910 Maurice was offered a contract at the Folies Bergeres, which to him "belonged to another world. It was the most important and luxurious music-hall of Paris, a temple to beauty, wealth, and a soft life."

He became a fairy-story success overnight at the Folies Bergeres, and there fell in love with Mistinguett. Chevalier writes with engaging



STRAW HAT still—at a rakish angle, Maurice is made "fall guy" at a club in New York in 1948.

frankness of his affairs with the beautiful "Mist"—an affair which lasted many years.

"I couldn't get her out of my mind. Her beautiful expressive face and her supple and desirable figure were always before me . . . Mon Dieu! I was in love again!"

" . . . But my new love didn't think any more about me than she did about an insignificant ant."

Hardly believing his luck, the gay Maurice was chosen as comic dance lead for Mistinguett in a new revue sketch. Chevalier was required to be the butt of Mistinguett's wit and



THE IRRESISTIBLE SMILE that has won him thousands of fans—Chevalier in his last French film, "Le Roi," made last year. It is rumored that he may make a tour of Australia.



AT MAXIM'S, Chevalier as Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow," in which he starred with Jeanette MacDonald.

anger for some minutes before gathering her up in a dance in which the pair "rapturously" knocked over chairs and tables, whirled over a sofa to fall on to a rug, rolling themselves up in it, unrolling themselves, and waiting out an open window.

"Not very delicate stuff," says Maurice, "but as you can see—excellent music hall. I could really be myself with the great Mistinguett, for she would burst into laughter at my vulgar jokes, but . . . I promised myself not to court her because if I did all the fun would be spoiled."

"But one fine day, during our dance rehearsal, as we were rolled up in our rug alone together, suddenly we both knew that we were in love. The unwinding was much slower than time, I can tell you."

In 1914 Chevalier was called up, drafted for military service, landed in battle four days after drafting and was taken prisoner of war. He spent two miserable, frustrated years as a prisoner in a German camp and was repatriated, medically unfit, in 1916 when once again he was united with his beloved Louque and Mist.

Maurice was now in the "big time." But, as he says, he had to learn all over again. He had to learn the value of restraint, understatement, the subtlety of implication and play on words. But he learnt willingly and successfully.

In 1921 he had a severe nervous breakdown. His break-up with Mist began shortly before this.

He always felt, he says, that Mist loved him sincerely, but that she regarded him as a foil for her talent.

"More and more I sought the quiet of my own home. I liked this much better than playing the role of servant courtier to Mistinguett. She never thought of me as an equal on the stage, or as a rival. I loved Mist, but I adored my profession and my independence."

The breakdown left its mark on him. Ever frightened and haunted by a sense of insecurity and loneliness, which he masked from the world with his roguish smile and humor, he was now haunted by a more terrifying fear—"The worst fear in the world for a man who makes his living by his memory. For the rest of my life I was haunted by the fear that I would forget my lines."

While Maurice was recovering slowly from his breakdown he met a "ravishing brunette," Yvonne Vallee. Bordelaise, she was quiet, pleasant, and combined the thrifty virtues of his mother with an understanding and vivacity of her own.

She accompanied him to a rest sanatorium in Switzerland. After Maurice was well enough to return to work they set up house in a suburb outside Paris.

"But in spite of this new friendship I was still miserable. I was slipping steadily in my career and I was still haunted by my insane passion for the woman I had given up."

Maurice finally decided to marry Yvonne. She, apprehensive of his unsettled, unhappy nature, took some persuading before she agreed.

"But my life with Yvonne wasn't



AT SIXTY-ONE he still retains the old charm. Chevalier meets Ghislaine de Boisson, most sought-after mannequin in Paris.

what I had hoped for. I didn't know whom to blame. Our life together was always on the verge of becoming an inferno, and the only time I was really happy was when I was on the stage."

And later: "I could not help it if my eyes lit up when they met those of a beautiful woman."

In 1930 he made his Hollywood debut. At this time and right until the outbreak of World War II Chevalier was the world's most expensive artist. Whatever fees he asked, he got. And with typical French thrift he asked for all he could get.

In Hollywood, Chevalier, the great artist, had to turn round and learn a new technique—that of film making. He was a success, but at first everyone knew more than he did. Even a child actor who appeared with him in "Innocents of Paris."

In one of the film's scenes he was required to speak tender words to the sobbing child, comfort him. The director kept insisting upon retakes. Maurice found out that the child, a precocious six-year-old, was playing an old Hollywood trick upon him.

Unhappy time

THE child was pulling away from Chevalier so that only Chevalier's neck was showing towards the camera, while the child's face was turned full to the camera.

"Once more we got to the scene where he was sobbing. I put my arm round his neck. And, as I spoke tender words to him in English, I clutched the neck of that little beast with all my strength and thus managed to get through the scene with at least my profile showing."

This was, perhaps, the period of Chevalier's greatest unhappiness as it was also the period of his greatest success. His mother, the adored Louque, died, he was divorced from his wife, haunted by fears of failure, afraid of people laughing at him, worried by his lack of education.

It was during this period that he made the acquaintance of his great-

est friend — Charles Boyer. He writes with rather pathetic modesty that Boyer was an artist, whereas he was only an "entertainer."

"Artists are educated people, but in my time most music hall comedians were not . . . Charles seemed to know and to have read everything. At 43 I became a student. Charles made lists of books for me and I read everything he suggested."

Chevalier writes earnestly, with tremendous feeling, about the unhappy war years and the careless information which led to the even more careless charges that he had collaborated with the Germans during the Occupation.

The charges were proven baseless, and his outspoken defiance by artists all over the world led to his final clearance by the Resistance Headquarters.

For the greater part of the war Maurice lived in the South of France with a beautiful Folies Bergères chorine, Nita Raya. They shared danger and hardship together. But even this affair was doomed to failure.

"As it always has, through my whole life, my job won out, and, sadly, we parted."

Still France's most popular artist, Maurice continues to receive fabulous offers to appear in London and New York.

Most of his spare time he spends in his beautiful villa, La Bocca, high in the blue Alpes Maritimes.

It is becoming hard to dig Maurice out of his La Bocca, which is a Mecca for artists from all over the world. In summer he conducts a world-wide radio programme, "Paris Calling," beamed from the Blue Room of the Ritz-Carlton in Cannes.

There are rumors that he is considering a tour of Australia.

If true, Australians will be able to see an old friend, the ever gay, youthful-looking man in the straw hat—the inimitable Monsieur Paris himself.



"THE THINKER" — as Rodin's famous sculpture did not look. Chevalier at his villa, La Bocca, in the South of France, where he now spends most of his time.



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● PAQUIN prefers heavy back fullness. Skirts which follow this line are popular in Paris. Diagonally arranged pleats give a dramatic silhouette.



● WORTH demonstrates striking effect of drapery attached to a belt, which transforms slim skirts for more formal occasions. Belts were never more varied.

● JEAN DESSES attains stiffened, angular lines with a tunic overskirt in very heavy materials, shown below. Asymmetrical lines still persist from last season, and the trend in Paris is more and more to disturbed hemlines and fantastically manipulated skirts.

● JEANNE LANVIN makes her skirts slim, then adds a half-way-round overskirt at the back, tying on one hip to give an impression of panels, thus maintaining a tendency to hemline commotion.



● DESSES' version of the tie-on belt, shown above, with triangular drapes attached, which hang over one side of the very tight skirt, with peaks below the hemline, giving garment double usefulness.

● GRES makes a straightish skirt, usually in taffeta or tie-silk, and adds a caught-up tunic drape, which falls into a deep point at the hemline. In Paris, skirts have been adapted to shapes that range from scissors to windmill effects.

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THE YANKS...are they the same at home?

U.S. visitor suggests reasons for glamor of Great Invasion

By Mrs. ROBERT RUARK

Mrs. Robert C. ("Mama") Ruark came here with her American columnist husband, who says he "fetched her to Australia to dispel wrong ideas American women had about Aussie girls"—after hearing ecstatic reports on them from returning G.I.s.

In this article, written specially for The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Ruark writes entertainingly of her impressions of Australian women—and of the letter's reaction to American men.

It has been reported by my old man that I exhibit a cold smile and pinched face when the subject of Australia comes into the conversation.

But by a remarkable coincidence I have heard several women here say that their own menfolk break out in a rash of the same symptoms when the subject of the American G.I. is brought up.

My sympathies in this matter are entirely with your menfolk.

If they heard a portion as much about G.I.s as I have heard about your country and its girls, the thin-lipped expression does not indicate jealousy or suspicion, but a simple case of long-suffering boredom.

But it is impossible to ignore the fact that the Australian woman was captivated by the American male and the American male was mighty eager to reciprocate the captivation.

The subject of American manhood is still a popular topic over a luncheon spread. People will say things like: "The service has gone off dreadfully since the Americans left."

Or, "When the Yanks were here things were gayner than they are now."

Or, "Now my Yank did such and so."

Even your own Press still mentions the Great Invasion frequently.

It is possible that you will be able to divide your history into two stages, "B.Y." and "A.Y." That would translate as before and after Yanks.

It seems fairly obvious to me that something was going on here, apart from the static law of supply and demand—something pretty special.

It puzzled me because I figured our fellows were just men, and no great bargains at that for the most part. What made our lads so special in Australia?

I went to the heart of the matter. I asked the girls. I mean, I asked the ones who haven't migrated to the United States.

The most frequent and shocking answer I got was this one: "We loved the Americans because for the first time we were treated like human beings."

Or, "They fussed over us and they acted as if we had opinions of our own. They made us feel important, not so much like women as like persons."

Or, "They sent us flowers and they paid us compliments and they took us around in taxis and they opened doors and picked up handkerchiefs and they actually seemed to care whether we were enjoying ourselves."

"Our men," Australians told me, "are just a tiny bit raw and lacking in appreciation of women."

At the risk of being a bit witchy I would like to point out at this juncture that the U.S. boys over here were at the courtship stage.

The daily grind of earning a living and keeping a family had been temporarily suspended by Act of Congress, and the gents had an awful lot of free time on their hands to be charming in.



The chances are that the Lothario of yesterday, with his nose pressed to a peacetime grindstone, might be an awful dull type, beset by taxes, commuting, and a brood of kids.

I would also like to mention that something apart from sterling character and innate good manners might have lurked behind the flood of flowers and cascade of attentions.

I mean there may have been a little method in their madness—what with home 12,000 miles away and New Guinea or something just over the horizon.

There is one phase of the eternal man-woman conflict in which I will stride right along with my Australian lady friends.

That is this archaic Australian business of the segregation of the sexes, and by sexes I do mean the female sex.

I have noticed at a social "do" that the men tend to covey together at one end of the room to talk of horses, cricket, girls, and other sports.

The women mob up in the other end, supposedly to speak of children, servants, and other chitter chatter.

The women seem exceedingly bitter over this state of affairs.

Whether it is the fault of one or both I do not know, but it still makes for a very dull party.

A good hostess needs more clever footwork than a lightweight boxer to keep her guests mingling and to prevent the party from sagging.

The Australian girls I know will tell you that they consider this behaviour rude for a start, and they go on and on in highly righteous indignation, but I notice they still allow



TWO-WAY FROCK. Black taffeta skirt of last year's evening frock with a lace-on taffeta corsage and a detachable lace shawl. She wears detachable diamond buckles to dress up plain shoes.

themselves to be herded into the harem, so to speak.

I will say that the average American man in the same situation will try to see that everyone, including the women, is having a good time. But again whether this is due to innate politeness or to an ulterior motive is hard to say.

Maybe American men actually like girls better than they like boys, from a social standpoint.

One world

OTHER complaints of the gals are so generally world-wide that I'm sure our boys are not the shining examples of masculinity that they, and sometimes you, would like to have us American girls believe. You have something called a club night. I quote a Melbourne matron who says, "When the snooker season is on I don't see my husband for weeks."

"He'll come home after a few beers and sink into a chair, and then he says after dinner, 'Old Alan's having a snooker tournament. You don't mind if I go and mark for him, do you, love?'"

However, ladies all, we have the same little situation back in the States. The old man rolls in from too many martinis at the corner bar, thuds into his easy chair, snoozes until dinner, grunts throughout the meal, and then announces that Old Tom is having a spot of poker, and, good evening, darling, I'll be home in a jiffy.

He comes home, all right, but never in a jiffy.

This is known as "going out with the boys" in America. Same thing, same complaints. . . . One World.



"MAMA" RUARK confers with her columnist husband on this article. Her sarong dress, for housewear or the beach, is a hand-dyed batik cotton in gay colors on brown, bought in Honolulu.

And the lady in Sydney who moans that her husband does not tell her the whole truth about his race losses is not alone.

As a matter of fact, I sometimes think that the marriage ceremony should contain a clause like this:

"I, John, take thee, Mary, to my lawful wedded wife, on the condition that from this day forward there will never be any point in your asking me how I did at the races, because I will only lie to you, anyhow, and this will hurt my conscience, and affect my judgment, and eventually lead to bloodshed."

I believe that this would resolve an issue, reduce family quarrelling, and eventually lead to a dip in the divorce rate.

Leaving the subject of Australian horses, on which, Lord knows, I am probably better informed than any other living female American, due to a defect in my husband's character, I have noticed that Australian women are exceedingly critical of their sisters.

This especially applies to the ones who went about with the Yanks during the war. "They went around with orchids hanging down to the waist, and their back hair hanging down to match," the others say. "I don't know where they came from, or where they went back to, unless it was under a rock somewhere."

But women are women, and I notice that, when some American ships came to Australia recently, the girls greeted the new consignment of Yanks with their hair swept up in a pompadour, and that at least a few fell overboard in a feverish good-bye.

Aussie lassies also complain that men are treated as little bits of gold. This seems to me to be easily as much the fault of the girls as of the men, because, remember, it takes a miner to find the little bit of gold and refine it.

I believe the girls here have an inferiority complex about their men, and encourage the men in the development of that complex by over-coddling. It's also my thought that Australian women work off some of their dissatisfaction with the status quo by wearing hats.



CHINESE SHAWL of heavy white silk embroidered in colors is used in panels on skirt and bodice of taffeta frock from Honolulu.

I've never seen so many fancy hats in a summer season as I've seen in Sydney and in Melbourne.

I also think, although the gals complain of shortages in clothes and accessories, that I've never seen so many well-groomed women outside of San Francisco and New York.

I hope you won't mind my observations, because I've really had a magnificent time here, and never have I met such hospitable, wonderful folk. On that count I will agree unqualifiedly with my husband, which is one of the few mutual agreements we've had in a long time. Laving with a horse player who also travels a lot can be wearing on a lady's nerves.

AUSTRALIA DAY

AUSTRALIA Day, which falls this week, is a time for reminiscences of colonial days and tributes to the pioneers who opened up this wide brown land.

It is easy to think of those early settlers merely as men of great physical strength and endurance. The true pioneering qualities, however, are of mind and spirit.

Pioneers are people who are ready to forgo comfort and safety in the interests of progress.

It was an infinite curiosity, a thirst to know, that kept Captain Cook voyaging, and no doubt Governor Phillip could have found a more comfortable job in England's green and pleasant places than leading the First Fleeters to Sydney Cove.

Though many of the sturdiest of our first farmers came here through no wish of their own, thousands more came because they had the pioneer optimism that belies a newer life, though a harder one, will be better.

The value of such qualities belongs not only to the past. There is still need of the pioneer to-day—not to hack through forest and scrub and wrest a harvest from virgin bush, but to clear the jungles of man's own sowing and to cultivate a less thorny crop.

These would be pioneers of ideas, men of original and vigorous mind, who might bring sanity into mankind's affairs and build a new and better world.

If such men emerge—and there is good reason to pray they do—there should be an international day set aside to honor them as Australia this week honors its pioneers of the soil.

ANNE HATHAWAY: Legends questioned

EVERY year many thousands of eager Shakespeareans visiting Stratford walk across to the village of Shottery to see Anne Hathaway's cottage.

Perhaps, after the pilgrimage to the quaint thatched-roof farmhouse, they might wonder, "What kind of woman did Shakespeare marry?"

Popular tradition tells the story of a woman of 27, her youth passing by the standards of her day and class, tricking a young man of 19 into an impossible marriage, from which he escaped four years later to London, where he won fame and fortune.

On his death many years later, Shakespeare thought so little of the woman who had forced him to marry her that in his will he left her only his "second-best bed."

Yet that version of the poet's life is not borne out by even the meagre facts at our disposal.

Will Shakespeare to all his friends and fellow actors was a loyal and faithful friend, with a kind and generous disposition, and there is no reason to suppose that these qualities were completely missing in his relations with his wife.

The few documents in existence on the marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway appear to have been misread by earlier biographers, who were unfamiliar with Elizabethan marriage customs.

But more recent students, particularly Professor J. Q. Adams, have suggested there is no real evidence that the Shakespeares did not live reasonably happily.

In the first place, it does not seem extraordinary that a man of Shakespeare's mental gifts should be attracted to an older woman.

The facts of the marriage are these:

On November 28, 1582, by permission of the Bishop of Worcester, John Whitgift, a marriage licence was issued to William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway.

Before issuing the licence, the bishop obtained a bond, signed by two friends of Anne, Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, guaranteeing that there was no impediment to the marriage.

Upon the granting of the licence, William and Anne were permitted to be married with only one calling of the banns, instead of three.

Some time in the following May a daughter was born to the couple, and she was christened Susanna in the Stratford Parish Church.

The facts that William and Anne were married by special licence, instead of marrying in their parish church after the customary calling of the banns three times, and that six months later a child was born seem to reflect on the good name of both.

But judgement is not so simple; and, after painstaking research, Mr. J. W. Gray, in his book, "Shakespeare's Marriage," offers an explanation.

FAMOUS WOMEN

In Elizabethan times, the church marriage ceremony was of secondary importance, and a formal betrothal, by which both parties verbally announced their intention to wed, was binding to death, and carried the privileges and responsibilities of marriage.

In many cases, ecclesiastical sanction of the union was not obtained until an expected child or some other event made a church ceremony desirable.

This is made clear by the register of marriages and births in Stratford and other parish churches.

It is not known when Shakespeare and Anne formally plighted their troth in the presence of their families, because there would, of course, be no record of such event.

Probably both families decided at the time that it would be better, because of William's youth and inability to support a wife, if the church service were delayed.

However, some time in November, 1582, Anne must have told her youthful husband that a church ceremony should be performed.

The couple probably planned to have the banns read three times in their parish church, but there were difficulties in the way.

According to the church law of the time, marriages could be celebrated only at certain times of the year, and Advent, beginning early in December, was one of the prohibited times.

The wedding would have had to be delayed until the middle of January.

Not wishing to wait so long, the

Perhaps marriage was happy

couple decided to obtain a special licence.

Because of the prohibition by the Church on marriage during several months of the year, this procedure was resorted to by many couples, as local records of the time show.

It may seem strange that Shakespeare's father was not one of the signatories of the bond given to Bishop Whitgift, as his son was under age. But it is well known that at the time John Shakespeare was in financial difficulties, and could not have signed his name to so large a sum as £40.

The young bridegroom, unable to afford to buy or rent a home of his own, took Anne to his parents' house in Henley Street, Stratford.

Conditions here were not very happy for the young couple, for the home was overcrowded, and the family was not prosperous.

By 1584 Susanna had acquired a brother and a sister, the twins Hamnet and Judith.

Shakespeare called the twins after



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE. The building is a patchwork of restoration, with little remaining of the original cottage.

his friends, Hamnet and Judith Sadler.

Thus Shakespeare at 21 found himself with a wife and three children to provide for.

He may at the time have been teaching at Stratford, or may, as the popular version is, have been apprenticed in the butchering trade, but, taking his courage in both hands, he decided to go to London.

John Aubrey, Shakespeare's earliest biographer, wrote: "This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London."

The story (which was manufactured from slight evidence many years after Shakespeare's death) that he was caught poaching on the estates of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, and fled to London to escape arrest, does not carry much weight.

In the 16th century no stigma attached to deer-stealing. Shakespeare's own plays make it quite clear that poaching was more in the nature of a popular sport than a criminal offence.

The first definite news of Shakespeare in London is when he joins the Earl of Pembroke's company of actors.

Later he joined the Lord Chamberlain's company, and began to gain a reputation as a poet rather than as a playwright.

There is no definite record whether his family was with him.

However, it seems likely that they were in London for part of the time.

From the subsidy rolls of London for 1593-6 it is learnt that Shakespeare, then living at St. Helens, was taxed at £5 per annum.

This was a not inconsiderable sum at that time, and, according to the records, was a larger amount than Shakespeare's fellow actors, the Burbage brothers, paid.

Shakespeare then was already a man of some substance, and the house at St. Helens was quite an elaborate establishment.

It does not seem likely that a married man, living apart from his family, would keep up a large house. Probably Anne and the children came to London and went back to Stratford, depending on Shakespeare's movements.

In August, 1596, Hamnet, the only son, died at Stratford.

Perhaps earlier that summer Anne and William had become worried about Hamnet's health, and she decided to take the boy back to Stratford in the hope that the country air would be more beneficial to him.

In May the next year, Shakespeare bought New Place, one of the finest houses in Stratford, as a home for his wife and two young daughters.

We do not know how much time Shakespeare spent at New Place. John Aubrey, visiting Stratford later in the 17th century, learned from people who remembered the poet personally that he went to Stratford at least once a year to spend some time with his family.

From this time he always described himself as William Shakespeare, gentleman, of Stratford-upon-Avon.

He seems willingly to have left the gay and stimulating world of the Court and the theatre in 1614 to retire to his home at New Place.

Here Anne had been living with her unmarried daughter, Judith.

Susanna, Shakespeare's favorite daughter, had married John Hall, a physician, and was living at Hall's Croft, a little way from New Place.

On February 10, 1616, Judith Shakespeare, then 32, married Thomas Quiney, aged 26.

Shortly after the marriage, Shakespeare became critically ill. He had some time before made a will, generously providing for Judith's future.

However, as she had married, it was not now necessary to secure her financially.

Accordingly, Shakespeare made certain alterations in his will in favor of his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall.

The revised will also had another addition, the famous provision:

"Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture"; that is, the mattress, pillows, and coverings.

This trifling bequest and the fact that she was not mentioned at all in the original will have led to the belief that Shakespeare and Anne were not on good terms.

Continued on page 26

Should husbands confess?

NO husband who loves his wife should ever tell her he has been unfaithful to her.

That is the view of Helen Lawrenson, an American wife.

Mrs. Lawrenson agrees that a man should not be unfaithful to his wife. But she acknowledges the fact that some husbands are.

The cardinal rule for husbands, she says, is—don't admit a thing.

"The honest husband who confesses all to his wife—because he loves her and is sorry for what he has done—is committing a cruel, selfish act," says Mrs. Lawrenson. "He is relieving his own guilty feeling and shifting the burden of misery to his wife."

Mrs. Lawrenson's advice to unfaithful husbands makes a controversial article in January A.M. It's a piece that both husbands and wives must read.

January A.M. is on sale at all newsagents. Price, 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



WED AT ST. MICHAEL'S. Lovely old gateway of St. Michael's, Vauluse, forms perfect setting for Maurice Matson and his bride, formerly Joan Wilkinson, daughter of Mrs. M. T. Wilkinson, of Point Piper, and late Mr. Wilkinson. Maurice is son of Mrs. J. H. Roach.



YOUNG TENNIS FANS. Judy King (left) and Marilyn McCahill are spectators at the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association's Women's International Match at White City, Rushcutters Bay.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Brian Corrigan and his bride, formerly Janet Blomfield, elder daughter of Mrs. Dorothy I. Blomfield, Innerell, and late Mr. C. E. Blomfield, leave St. Canice's Church. Brian is fifth son of the A. Carrigans, Weldon Station, Garah.



NEXT TUESDAY'S BRIDE. Patricia Stratton and her fiance, Ken Kidman, who announced their engagement on board Orcaades, will marry on January 31 at Cootamundra Church of England. Pat is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Des Stratton, of Cootamundra, and Ken is son of Mrs. Kidman and the late Sidney Kidman, of Naracoorte, South Australia.



ROMANTIC ENGAGEMENT. The Hon. Simon Warrander and his fiancee, Pam Myer, whose engagement has been announced in England, snapped at a party given by Pam's mother, Mrs. Norman Myer, last year before Simon flew back to England. Pam is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Myer, of Toorak, Melbourne, and Simon is the second son of Lord Bruntisfield and Dorothy, Lady Bruntisfield. Couple will marry in England in July and make their home in Australia.

Intimate Gossipings

WITH Sydney's four hundred enjoying the sun and the surf, social scene shifts to Melbourne where I understand matrons and misses get out their finery and the man of the house dusts off his topper for wedding this Tuesday of Marigold Myer and Ross Shelmerdine at St. John's, Toorak.

Reception afterwards for 300 guests at Cranlana, Toorak, lovely home of bride's mother, Mrs. Sidney Baillieu Myer, whose garden is lit with fairy lights. After buffet dinner orchestra plays for dancing. Interstate guests include Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, from Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Johnson, from Perth, and South Australians Mrs. A. W. Jolly and Mrs. Fred Cornell. Attractive bride keeps details of her wedding gown and frocks chosen by her attendants, Penelope Giles and Merran McEachern, close secret. After honeymoon Ross and his bride will return to Cranlana, where Mrs. Baillieu Myer has had wing of house turned into flat for them.

ATTRACTIVELY set sapphire ring worn by Marilee Gould when she dances at Sammy Lee's with Christopher News after announcement of their engagement. Marilee is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Gould, West Ryde. Christopher is youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher News, Concord.



CHEERY PICTURE of Major-General and Mrs. F. G. Galleghan, who return to their home in Mosman by the Orcaades after two years in Berlin. General Galleghan was former head of the Australian Military Mission in Germany. They had a lovely home in Berlin, situated in Charlottenburg, one of the less badly bombed suburbs.



COUNTRY BRIDE. Mrs. Allan Gordon leaves St. Mark's, Darling Point, with her husband. Bride, formerly June Merewether, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. H. ("Paddy") Merewether, of "Guisley," Waleget. Bridegroom is elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. L. Gordon, of Glensloy, Young. Couple leave in Orcaades for six months' honeymoon trip.



ENGLISH COUPLE. Captain Sydney Foulkes and his bride, formerly Ellen Armstrong, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Armstrong, of Tamworth, Staffordshire, England, with their flower girl, Jennifer Jones, walk towards launch which takes them to reception on board Captain Foulkes' ship, the Brisbane Star, after their marriage at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.

BUSY days ahead for Dulcie Stephen when she welcomes home her sister, Mrs. Michael Neylon, who arrives back in Sydney in Orcaades, and at same time gets her young daughter, Mary, ready to send off to Frensham when school term commences. Dorise Neylon will stay with Dulcie and Bob Stephen until she can move back into her own home at Palm Beach.

CELEBRATION dinner party at home of Mrs. G. R. Ivison, of Ashfield, for Helen Attwood and Kenneth Moncrieff when they announce engagement. Helen, who is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Attwood, of Oban, Coolah, wears sapphire engagement ring surrounded with diamonds. Her fiance is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Moncrieff, of Cessnock. Mrs. Ivison's daughters, Pat and Pam, helped their mother entertain at the party.

COOLING off at luncheon at Romano's see Mrs. W. J. Lloyd lunching with Mrs. F. H. Tucker, who has just returned from Uruguay. Mrs. Shirley McWilliam, of Toowoomba, and Mrs. C. H. Corlis. Rinda Lloyd tells me she and her husband have flat at Hampton Court, where Shirley McWilliam stays with them until they return for brief visit to Brisbane before sailing in Himalaya for England.

PRETTY little eighteen-year-old bride Mrs. Ted Swinerton cut her wedding cake at her reception with a silver cake-knife which had been used by her great-grandfather, Mr. T. R. Johnson, of Essendon, Melbourne, to cut cake at his golden wedding anniversary party. Before marriage to A.B. Ted Swinerton, R.A.N., bride was Shirley Johnson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Johnson, of Sylvania, formerly of Melbourne. Couple were married at St. Anne's, Strathfield, and Shirley's aunt, Mrs. C. M. Moore, of Strathfield, held reception at her home.

ROMANCE in the air for Valerie Davis, elder daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. P. O. Davis, of Auburn, and Bruce Stephens, of Parramatta, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Stephens, of Bangalow, when they announce engagement. Val is wearing solitaire diamond ring. Shirley Tallentire, eldest daughter of Mrs. G. Bearham and late Mr. G. Tallentire, of Fairfield, and John Wallace, second son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wallace, of West Coburg, Victoria.

ARRIVING in Sydney shortly are Sam and Sheelagh Wood, who yearn for a bit of Sydney's surf and will make their headquarters at the Astra, Bondi, where they will sunbake and swim daily.

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A World of Difference

Continued from page 4

THE tight knot of nervousness within Susan loosened further. Like a patient before her doctor, she plunged into a lengthy and graphic description of her inner turmoil.

From time to time, throughout the long recital, Barbara nodded gravely, murmured sympathetically and offered encouraging comments.

There were intervals when Susan's voice would die away into silence and the two girls would stare pensively at each other. But these deep exchanges were always followed by little bursts of nervous, helpless laughter slightly tinged with hysteria.

"Oh, Barbie," Susan gasped weakly after one of these outbursts, "you don't know what I'm going through to-day."

But somehow the edge of her strain had been dulled and now she was able to view her position objectively.

The hours passed, and afternoon tea came and went. Glancing at her watch at five-thirty Susan realised that the minutes from now until dinner time were the really significant ones. This was the time when most calls were made, most dates arranged.

"If he doesn't ring by seven," she brooded, "he won't ring at all to-day."

"He'll ring," said Barbara stoutly, rising to leave. But as they stood together by the gate, a faint melancholy seemed to envelop them both, wrapping them close together in a sisterhood of suffering.

"What makes me so furious," Barbara burst out, "is that the woman has to sit at home and wait, eating her heart out, while the man can ring up any old time!"

"It's a rotten deal," Susan said. The knot within her had begun to pull and tighten again.

"He'll ring," Barbara said again. She gave Susan a wavering, pensive smile before she turned and walked off.

Now a thick, black depression settled over Susan like a heavy cloak. She walked slowly into the house. From the hall she eyed the stolid telephone with an expression akin to hatred. Ring, she thought savagely, why don't you ring?

Later, in the bright circle of the dinner table, the voices of her family seemed to come to Susan from an immense distance. For her mother's benefit she made a great show of eating, lifting and lowering her knife and fork with regularity and smearing bits of food about her plate. But she ate very little.

During this hour, when her expectation of hearing from Dick was at its greatest, it seemed to her that all the mounting nervous excitement of the day had solidified into a hard lump of suspense that filled her chest. It was half-past seven. If he didn't ring up soon . . .

The telephone rang just as the pudding was brought in, and fifteen-year-old Frank raced to answer it. Susan lowered her eyes and, with her fork, carefully traced the outlines of a design on the tablecloth.

Frank came back into the room. "It's for you, Mum," he said.

Suddenly Susan could bear it no longer. She pushed back her chair and stood up. "I'm too full for pudding," she said. "I'll have something later."

She walked blindly into the drawing-room and sank down on to the sofa, closing her eyes. She felt inexplicably tired. I wonder if mummy is still talking, she thought wearily—not that I care any more whether Dick rings up or not. If he does, and thinks he can see me to-night, he'll just have to think again . . .

But she sneaked a look at her watch all the same. Seven forty-five. Weak tears came into her eyes, but she winked them away hastily as she heard the sound of approaching footsteps. The creak of the door announced the arrival of her family.

Mr. Carter, a folded newspaper under his arm, took his glasses from their case and peered through them at the light, frowning, before he put them on. Then he looked down at Susan.

"What's the matter with you to-night?" he asked gruffly. "Quiet, aren't you?"

"I'm just tired," Susan said dully. "Tired!" he said, sinking heavily into a chair. "I'd like to know what makes you tired! It beats me—"

"Leave her alone, John," Mrs. Carter interrupted. "Sometimes you can get tired just doing nothing. And she was up late last night, too."

Susan gave her mother a weak, grateful smile. She's so sweet, she thought. Of course, she doesn't understand, but she's sweet.

The telephone rang. "I'll go," said Susan faintly. Her legs felt shaky as she walked into the dark hall, thinking: It probably isn't, but, if it is, be cool and a little aloof.

She lifted the receiver with an unsteady hand and said tremulously: "Hallo?"

"Sue?" A man's voice, deep and husky.

"Yes?"

"How are you? This is Dick Sheldon."

"Oh, Dick . . . How are you?"

"Fine. Look, I know it's rather late, but are you doing anything to-night?"

"Not a thing."

"Then suppose I pick you up in half an hour. All right?"

"Fine."

There was a faint "So long," and a click.

SUSAN put down the receiver dazedly and stared at it in some astonishment. Was this what she had waited for all day in such an agony of suspense? This brief moment, these few clipped words? Yet she had her answer in the sudden leaping happiness that caught at her throat.

Lightly, effortlessly, she walked back to the drawing-room, carefully closing the door behind her. Her father was hidden by his newspaper, Frank sat on a stool twiddling the knobs of the radio, and her mother was darning socks under the light.

Susan gazed at them with affectionate eyes: What a nice family she had—how lucky she was!

"Mummy," she said breathlessly, "I'm going up to change. I'm going out with an awfully nice boy I met last night at Carol's party. Richard Sheldon, his name is."

"That's nice, dear," said Mrs. Carter comfortably.

Her father looked up from his newspaper and frowned. "I thought you were so tired," he said.

"Tired?" said Susan in a puzzled voice. Her cheeks were flushed, her energy brimming over. "Tired? Oh, no!"

"But you said—"

"John," Mrs. Carter broke in softly, "leave her alone. Susan, wear your green dress. You look so pretty in it."

Susan pressed her glowing cheek against her mother's. "I love you," she whispered faintly. Then she was gone.

Mrs. Carter sat in silence for a few moments. "You know," she said at last, "I wouldn't be a girl that age again for anything in the world."

Her husband gazed at her over the top of his paper with some astonishment. "You wouldn't?" he asked. "Why on earth not?"

Mrs. Carter sat motionless in her chair, gazing in front of her with eyes that were soft with memory. For a moment, she seemed to drift back into the dim, almost forgotten, days of her girlhood. What she glimpsed there made her smile a little, but it was a smile of gentle sadness and pity. She did not answer her husband's question.

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A.M.—Australia's Leading Monthly

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"If she sneaks out to lunch ahead of time again this week, she's fired!"

It seems to me...

THIS is an election year—elections in every Australian State except Tasmania, and, overshadowing them in interest for the present, polling day in Great Britain on February 23.

It is said many members of the British Labor Party wanted the elections later because Labor in Britain has a traditional dislike of a winter poll.

After what has happened to the Labor Governments of Australia and New Zealand I should think that in the Antlee home just now no one would dare to sing that hit tune of the moment, "Baby It's Cold Outside."

Nevertheless, we may be wrong in our common assumption that all Prime Ministers want to get back into power.

I often wonder whether after a term of office as the target for a barrage of Press and verbal criticism, after being blamed continuously not only for policy, but for every disaster that befalls a country, be it due to war, drought, flood, or fire, a Prime Minister might not personally be quite glad of a rest in opposition.

It is so much easier to complain than to be constructive; to tell others how to run a country than to run it.

But I dare say to be a politician in the first place you must be made of sterner stuff.



Dorothy Drain

SOMETIMES in search of inspiration for this column I study morbidly the tags on my desk calendar.

While I wouldn't be without them for worlds—nothing is drearier than a desk calendar without little mottoes and sayings at the bottom of the page—I often speculate on the method of selection, which is, to put it mildly, unbiased.

Nothing could be more frankly cynical than the statement: "If you wish to be powerful, pretend to be powerful." A pernicious piece of advice, if ever I saw one.

And yet, a bare month later: "Where boasting ends, there dignity begins."

It is also quite astonishing to notice what commonplace sayings have endured through the centuries. For instance: "Try not to be hurried by appearance into a false opinion."—Epictetus.

Epictetus may have been a great philosopher, but even in I.A.D. that can hardly have been a new piece of advice. I can imagine a cave man telling that to his son when giving a little advice on hunting pterodactyls and dinosaurs.

Incidentally, in Prague all books published before May, 1945, have been banned. This must be a headache to the quotation purveyors unless, as is likely, they paraphrase the existing stocks and attribute them all to Karl Marx, Lenin, and Stalin.

IN England there has been a discussion in the columns of the newspapers about what has happened to old meat dishes—since the ration of meat is now too small to display on a large meat dish.

People have reported using them framed as fire-screens and as bird baths.

The large and ornate meat dish graces fewer Australian tables to-day, not because of meat scarcity, but because of the decline in carving at the table.

Fewer and fewer men pride themselves on carving skill, and though wives often say apologetically, "My husband doesn't carve," as they bring in the plates from the kitchen, I don't think they care much. Carving at the table, with its paraphernalia of vegetable dishes that had to be washed and meat covers that had to be polished, was a pretty ceremony, but it made an awful lot of work afterwards.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS (so an American magazine reports) when staying at Buckingham Palace, asked to be called at 6.30 a.m. with a bowl of chopped carrots. Sir Stafford is a vegetarian.

Oh, call me in the morning with some carrots;
They make me gay and bright to greet the day.
The decadent take tea,
But no, oh not for me,
Fresh veggies give me vim to face the fray.

Where others cry for liquor and for lollies,
For nicotine, for caffeine, and for meat,
I confine myself to bouts
Of beans and Brussels sprouts,
Taking groundnuts for a nightcap as a treat.

HISTORY certainly repeats itself. The Japs are to be allowed to send fishing fleets south to within 400 miles of Australian waters.

They have, if you please, an "honor patrol" of inspectors which is supposed to prevent breaches of international fishery conventions.

It is said that MacArthur's advisers are much impressed with the efficiency of this patrol.

Australians can reflect wryly that the Japs probably don't need any more maps of our northern waters. They got all those before December, 1941.

A FRENCH actress visiting New York recently advised American girls to use more perfume to attract men.

"Put perfume on your hands and then touch his shoulders," she advises. "Thus you appeal to his memory with a perfume."

Now, now, will any gentlemen who happen to be reading this kindly control themselves. I'm only telling you what she said, and, though she may know a lot about Frenchmen, she obviously doesn't know anything about Australian men.

REVELATIONS about thefts of income tax refund cheques make it clear that there will have to be some tightening up in the system.

The cheques are supposed to be secure against cashing by unauthorised persons, but the fact is that they are sometimes so cashed.

Greatest loophole is that the rightful owner doesn't know when to look for his cheque.

As an experiment, I rang the N.S.W. Taxation Department to see if it were possible to find out whether an assessment had been issued, was told that they were flooded with inquiries about the 1948-49 assessments, and couldn't answer any until the end of March, when the bulk of them would have gone out.

In the meantime, one can only hope that the department is thinking up some plan to make those tell-tale envelopes a little more secure. A simple answer might be a plain envelope for registration. What the Taxation Department spent in registration the P.M.G. would gain.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 28, 1950

Stop that fly -he's dangerous...



Every fly is a dirt-and-disease-laden menace. His favourite crawling places... outside your home... are loathsome. His hairy legs are efficient instruments for collecting and carrying filth and germs. Screenwire is the surest protection against these disgusting, dangerous pests—it keeps flies out of your whole house all the time. Fit your home with Screenwire Screens and Doors so that flies can't get in.

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CHY/16

WISE WIFE AND MOTHER



SUGGESTS CORRECT ACTION

AT FIRST TWINGE OF RHEUMATISM

"I come from a family where internal cleanliness has always been our best health assurance—each of us regularly added the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen to our first morning cup of tea. When I married I tried to get my husband to do likewise. But he always said it was better to leave 'well enough' alone until, recently he began to be troubled with rheumatic pains. Only then was I able to convince him I was right. I started my husband off on the medicinal dose of Kruschen, gradually reducing the dose. This completely relieved him of the pains. Now, I'm happy to say, we are a family of 'Kruschen regulars'."

KRUSCHEN SALTS WILL CLEANSE YOUR SYSTEM!

The liver and kidneys play a major part in cleansing out the body's poisonous wastes. Kruschen's skilful combination of six natural salts stimulates the liver and works out the kidneys, enabling them to function properly. Your body is thus naturally freed of poisonous wastes and your bloodstream becomes purified of the factors that can cause painful rheumatic ailments.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

1/4 & 2/9 a bottle
of Chemists
and Stores

MAY BE TAKEN

TWO DIFFERENT WAYS

MEDICINAL DOSE

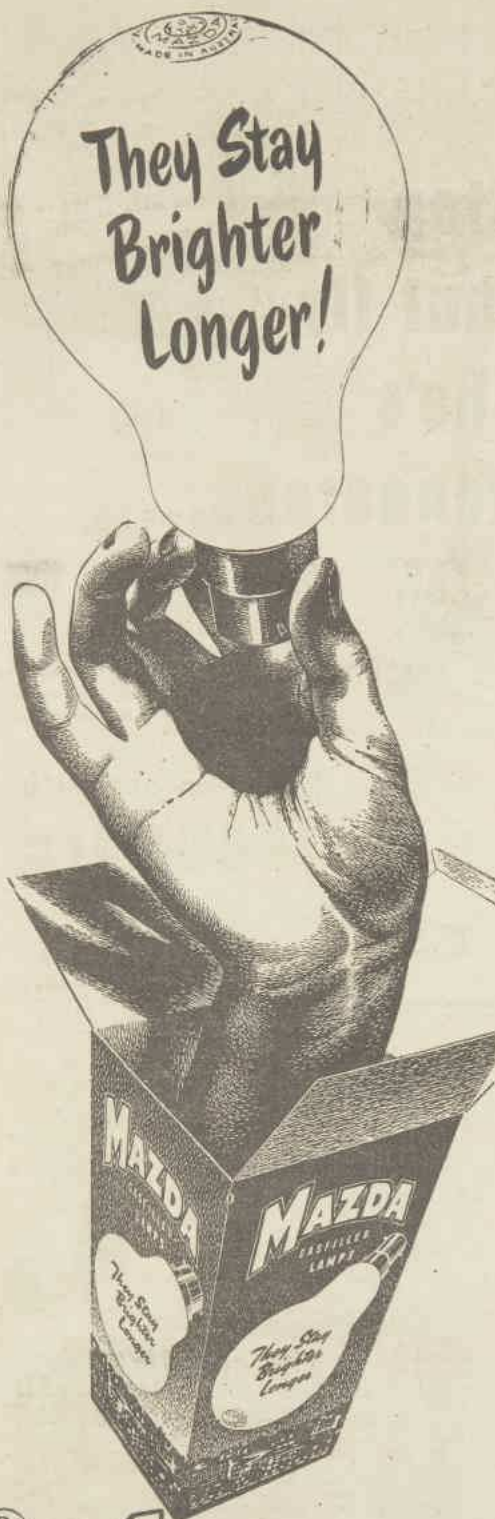
Sufferers from: Sour, Rheumatic, Limping, Eczema, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Disorders take a teaspoonful in a tumbler of hot water daily before breakfast.

"LITTLE DAILY DOSE"

As an invigorating tonic put a pinch of Kruschen in your morning cup of tea or coffee. Take that way. Kruschen Salts are tastiest.

The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit!

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MAZDA
ELECTRIC LAMPS

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd., England



MISS DODO LEES

... debutante to Labor candidate

PRESENTED at Court in the 1939 London season and the granddaughter of a Tory baronet, Dodo Lees will stand for the British Labor Party against Brendan Bracken in the coming elections. War changed her from glamor girl to nurse. She worked for four years in a military hospital, then joined the French Maquis as a nurse, and in 1945 she was sent to Indo-China. For these services she was awarded the Croix de Guerre. At the end of the war she was the only Englishwoman to hold a French Army commission.

Interesting People



PROFESSOR SYDNEY CHAPMAN

... eminent scientist

PROFESSOR of Mathematics at Oxford, Professor Sydney Chapman, a world authority on geomagnetism and the ionosphere, has been advising Mount Stromlo Observatory on research problems of the sun and upper atmosphere reflecting radio waves. Fellow of the Royal Society of London since 1919, past president of the Royal Astronomical Society and London Mathematical Society, he has been Chief Assistant at Greenwich Observatory. He will lecture throughout the Commonwealth.



MISS NANCY ELLIS

... didn't like dolls

DOLLS never had any attraction for Nancy Ellis, of Sydney, only woman flying instructor licensed and operating in the Commonwealth. "I left them in the drawer, and played with mechanical toys," she says. Nancy worked as general hand in the garage run by her father before taking up flying, ran a hardware business of her own before giving it up recently to teach at Bankstown. During the war she was the only woman in the State to do Army co-operation flying, later ferried aircraft for Disposals.

WORTH Reporting

ON the 7000 membership list of the Royal Melbourne Hospital Birthday League are 147 horses, including 1949 Melbourne Cup winner Foxgami, a newspaper, a radio station, and a bicycle.

Secretary Miss Jocelyn Perkins tells the story that for many years the league thought that a gentleman named Harry Ford was one of its staunchest supporters.

It was later learned that Harry Ford was the motor car enrolled by the sister of artist Norah Gurdon.

The league, which has just had its twenty-seventh birthday, was formed by the late Mr. Arthur Baillieu. He had received a birthday greeting card from a hospital in England, suggesting that he should share the good fortune of his birthday and give a contribution.

He thought it was such a good idea that he started it at the Royal Melbourne, with the result that it now brings in £4000 yearly revenue. Many well-known business men give a donation of £1 for each year of their lives on every birthday.

With the death this year of its long-time chairman and indefatigable worker Mr. R. W. E. Wilnot, the league will have its first woman president in former committee-woman Mrs. Norman MacGlashan.

"It would never have done for the Duke"

SINCE the announcement that the Duke of Bedford's 50-roomed Endsleigh House near Lannecston, in Cornwall, is to be turned into a guest-house, bookings and inquiries have been pouring in.

Terms haven't been finally fixed, but our London office was informed that the tariff will most likely be about 14 or 15 guineas a week per person, with fishing an extra.

"What we really want is for our guests to feel that they are being entertained by a country gentleman in a country gentleman's house," Mrs. Osborne-Samuel, the Duke's agent, said.

All very nice. But then where do the 14 or 15 guineas come in?

Incidentally, the ducal presence won't be thrown in with the tariff. He'll be living in a small house on his Bedfordshire estate.



"We didn't advertise it as a good picture - we just said, 'Don't miss it!'."

ELDERLY parrots long accepted as male frequently surprise and embarrass their owners by suddenly declaring their sex by laying an egg. But not all owners can right the matter as neatly as the ones we heard of who switched from Ben to Ben Her.

We get the low down on high fashion

THE following fashion information given us on her return by Miss Dorothy Connolly, for over three years resident representative of David Jones' in New York, is classified according to our own preferences and the range of our wardrobe.

Cheerful: Pearl chokers of all lengths are still as popular as ever. Miss Connolly saw shoes of dyed shantung. Court shoes are low cut, but closed at heel and toe. Fur coats seem to be out. Short evening dresses, ending just above the ankle, have uneven hems. Straw handbags will still be in next spring. Men's ties are again conservative.

Depressing: Navy-dyed sealskin boleros and capes are the current craze. The more pleats the more fashionable the dress. Velvet bags will be popular for winter. For country wear American men are wearing sweaters with nutria or leopard-skin fronts.

This rural teenager was busy

IRIS BRADLEY, just 20, who came second in the Rural Bank's Junior Farmer essay competition, lived her teenage country life to the full.

Now president, and since 1946 (the year after she had joined) secretary to the Inverell Junior Farmers' Club, N.S.W., this is the record of her busy teens:

For the past four years she has been assistant dairy steward at Inverell Show, and with her team of eight Jersey cattle has won prizes there and at Glen Innes. In the 1945-46 season she grew a trial crop of soy beans for an experimenter, Mr. Don Shand, of Armidale.

Later, for her own information, she studied the progress of eight different types of soy beans and three types of hybrid maize made available to her by the Glen Innes Experimental Farm.

As a club member her projects for the 1949-50 year are calf, cow, and pig raising, and the collection of grasses and clovers. Of an inquiring turn of mind, she is learning all she can about cattle judging, and has beaten boys in Junior Farmer sections.

As well as doing her share of housework, Iris drives the tractor, sews bags, and stooks on the farm. In addition she keeps up a Commonwealth-wide correspondence with interstate members, and exchanges news and views with Junior Farmers in Norway, Denmark, England, America, and Nigeria.

In doing all this she is keeping up the tradition, established for country teenagers by her elder sister Dulcie, who some years ago won the Rural Bank Scholarship.

THE famous French department store Les Galeries Lafayette is selling beautiful silk scarves with Australian aboriginal designs. They are being snapped up by shoppers, who exclaim that they are "mignon" (darling) and "si rare" (so unusual). The designs show rock carvings, corroborees, an aboriginal hunt, and a fight between Arunta tribesmen.

**HOW LOVELY
THEY LOOK . .
HOW WELL
THEY WEAR . .**



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The National Standard
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Offer!**

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Now 3 for 1/1
or 4½d. per 1 oz. tin

Six Savoury Varieties

**HERRING and TOMATO
LOBSTER**

**SALMON and SHRIMP
ANCHOVY & TOMATO
LOBSTER and TOMATO
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3 TINS FOR 1/1



At All Good Stores

Hollywood Revenge

Continued from page 5

IT is like Toni said. Any time Toni and Mike can click together, it will be nothing less than tops. But when one of them clicks and the other one flops, it is by no means easy to take. They found out how tough it could be when they rang up the curtain on "Swing Street Blues," and the Broadway critics gave it the ice.

Not that Mike's play was a complete flop. The way those critics told it, the script has got something, but not quite enough.

But with Toni and the critics it's different. When they write about how she can act, they are chucking their hats in the air, and they are dancing in the streets.

With a play on Broadway, you do or you don't. Mike's play didn't, and after it ran only a couple of weeks the thing shuttered. But while it was still running, "Swing Street Blues" has got at least one booster. This is Clive Danforth.

Clive saw the play the night it opened on Broadway, and the night the thing folded he's back for a second look. It is at this time he told Mike he would like to do the play as a picture.

"Be a natural for me and Toni with a little work," Clive says to Mike. "Wouldn't be the first time it happened with a play that just missed."

"It's for sale," Mike tells him. "Right now a buck and a half might take it."

"I phoned Manny Waxman about it," Clive says. "He wouldn't go for it. But I've got an idea. After I get back to Hollywood I'll let you know."

Mike says, "I'll keep my ear to the ground."

While Mike is taking his beating, Toni is being chased all over town by different characters from Hollywood, all waving contracts at her. Manny Waxman spoke with Toni on the phone from Hollywood. Manny says if Toni will sign up again with Superba, he will start her off at 50 grand a picture, and that the first production he's got lined up for her she will split star billing with nobody less than Clive Danforth.

"It sounds swell, Mr. Waxman," Toni says over the phone. "But I'll have to let you know later."

"Why?" Manny wants to know. "Why couldn't we make a deal right away?"

"Because," Toni tells him. "Because I'll have to talk it over first with my husband."

Manny now gives out fast. "Am I a dope?" he says to Toni. "I almost forgot to tell you we want Mike back on the writing staff. Don't forget to tell him I said so, honey."

Toni and Mike are living in a hotel at this time, and when Mike came back to their room Toni told him about this deal which Manny wants to make with her. Mike is right away all for it.

"Don't do any more shopping," Mike says. "This is the one, monkey. With a Danforth picture you'll get the best of everything. Grab it."

"I've saved the best for the last, Mike," Toni says to him. "Manny wants you back as a writer."

Mike stiffened up suddenly. "You're reading from the wrong script," he says to Toni. "That isn't the best you're telling me. That's the absolute worst."

"Why?" Toni wants to know. "I'm no Hollywood relative," Mike says. "If I was, you wouldn't even speak to me."

"Oh, Mike!" Toni wails. "Don't be like that! If you won't go, I won't go either. What good is it if you're not there with me?"

"It's worse if I'm there on a rain check," Mike says.

"Don't be a dummy," Toni is now almost crying. "What's happened to me is just wonderful. But nobody's kidding me about anything, Mike. I got notices because you wrote me a beautiful part."

"Being a swell little actress didn't hurt any," Mike tells her.

"Who's arguing?" Toni says. "I'll take my bows when they're coming to me, but nobody gets notices just reciting the multiplication table."

There is a couch in this room they are in. Mike sits Toni down on this.

"Listen, monkey," he says. "If you pass up Hollywood now, there'll be a day when you'll hate me for it because you'll remember it was on account of me you did it. If I go back as a writer just because they want you, my own pride takes a beating I might never get over. So you go to Hollywood and do your stuff. I'll stay here and do mine. When, aa, and if, we'll get together again. And when it does happen, we'll both be proud of each other. Okay, chum?"

Toni gives a big sigh. "All right," she says. "But I'm warning you, Mike. Until we are together again, I'm going to be the most miserable person you ever heard of."

When Mike and Toni are married, it is only natural that Dolly James had the story all to herself. Because Toni's first picture will be with Clive Danforth, this one is a nice scoop for Dolly, and Buzzy Baxter is now really burning.

She figures it must be Mike who is crossing her up, and more than ever she would like to avenge his throat. Just as soon as Toni is back in Hollywood, Buzzy is honing up a knife which she is really saving up special for Mike.

It isn't very long until Buzzy is giving this knife a little tryout. As Clive Danforth and Toni will be a new team in pictures, the studio would like to see them step out once in a while at some of the Hollywood spots. That way the news photographers will get a shot at them, and when these pictures show up in the papers, the fans will maybe begin thinking about Clive and Toni as a star combination.

THE first time they did step out together like this, Buzzy Baxter lobbed that knife.

"Last night at dinner," Buzzy Baxter gives out in her column, "Clive Danforth and Toni Blair were closer than this. A number of those present asked me if I didn't think Clive and Toni had that certain look in their eyes. But you know how it is with little me! I never say until I'm absolutely sure."

During the next couple of months Buzzy has Clive and Toni cheek to cheek in the night spots. The way she tells it, they are always ducking away early from those cocktail parties because they want to be alone.

Clive Danforth is at all times a very sweet character, and he wants no part of this routine. But what can he do? If he should sound off against Buzzy in public, there are always those kibitzers who will claim that where there's smoke there must be fire, and he will just make it worse.

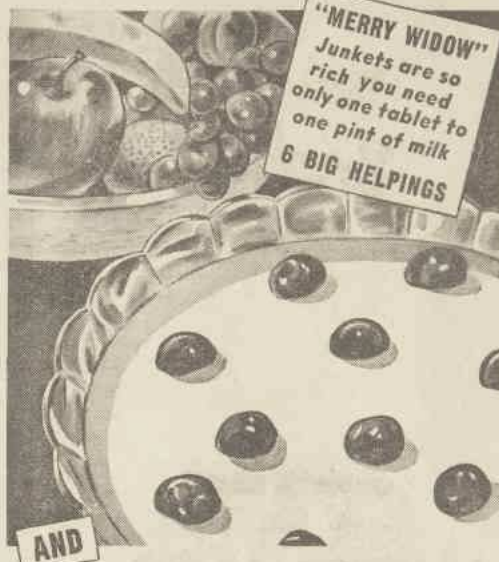
Ditto for Toni and Mike. Buzzy Baxter has really got them tongue-tied.

"What unsuccessful playwright is simply refusing to give his actress wife a divorce?" Buzzy asks in her column. "Hollywood wonders if Toni Blair could answer this question. And would Clive Danforth be willing to make a big pay-off if the playwright would only change his mind?"

A couple of days after this, Mike shows up in Hollywood. He has a gleam in his eye, and under his arm he has a complete picture-shooting script of "Swing Street Blues." Mike wrote this script after Toni left New York and after Clive Danforth read it he asks Mike and Toni if they will have dinner with him at his house.

Please turn to page 27

BIG FAMILY DESSERT FROM ONE JUNKET TABLET



"MERRY WIDOW"
Junkets are so
rich you need
only one tablet to
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6 BIG HELPINGS

**LUSCIOUS JUNKETS MADE WITH
"MERRY WIDOW" ONLY HALF THE
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Now junket has been made twice as delicious as *half the cost!* You get 16 "Merry Widow" double-strength Junket Tablets for 1/1. That's less than a penny a tablet! And—every concentrated tablet transforms a pint of milk into at least six good helpings of luscious, fruity-flavoured junket dessert!

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**6
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16 TABLETS
FOR ONLY
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AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY
AUSTRALIA'S LEADING MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Features, fiction, and sporting articles—each issue is packed with special interest for Australian men and women. At all newsagents and bookstalls for one shilling. First of every month.

Dog-lover interviews noted cat-lover



THIS PUP peers anxiously into the page to see how his species is treated in an interview with a cat-lover. Surely, he reasons, no one could be immune to appeal like mine.



ALOOF AND SERENE, this Siamese cat has no doubts about his superiority over such as dogs.

English author-publisher explains his preference

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

Well-known English publisher, Michael Joseph, author of two enchanting books, "Cats' Company" and "Charles," known and cherished by cat-lovers in all parts of the world, is in Australia on business.

I opened my interview with him by announcing firmly, "I am a dog-lover."

MR. JOSEPH appeared unrattled by this, adjusted the knees of his pencil-stripe grey flannel suit, offered a cigarette from a flat gold case, and assumed an expression of patient courtesy.

"Having read your books," I continued in a slightly superior tone, "I know you prefer cats to dogs."

"I do"—firmly.

"But you surely can't think they're more intelligent?"

"Of course—if you call being intelligent applying their intelligence for their own benefit. Have you ever seen a dog able to make itself as comfortable as a cat?"

Pursuing this train of thought seemed unlikely to show Mr. Joseph the error of his ways, so I changed the subject.

"Dogs," I said with more than a touch of truculence, "come to you when they're ill, asking you to make them better. Do cats show the same touching faith in their owners?"

"Cats," rejoined Mr. Joseph promptly, "are ashamed of illness, and try to hide it."

Nice man though he was, it became apparent that Mr. Joseph was going to be difficult. Enough of Hoyle and the Marquis of Queensbury. I decided to let him have it.

"Have you ever seen a cat sit up and beg, or balance a lump of sugar on his nose? In fact, have you ever seen a cat do any tricks at all?"

"Cats have too much self-respect to make themselves look so ridiculous. There's no more senseless sight than an animal doing tricks. Besides, all tricks do is flatter the

owner by giving him a sense of mastery."

Ignoring what might be a nasty crack if more closely inspected, I pounced:

"You admit, then, that dogs recognise a master, while cats don't?"

Mr. Joseph's lined, sun-tanned face paled. "But nobody ever masters a cat. I thought everyone knew that." His tone added: "My dear girl."

"And you don't mind?"

"Certainly not. If it's rollicking, back-slapping company you want, have a dog by all means. But if what you want is soothing, tranquil companionship, then have a cat."

He chose then to dispose of two of the most popular misconceptions about cats.

In the first place, they don't scratch trees to sharpen their claws. They do it to clean them after eating.

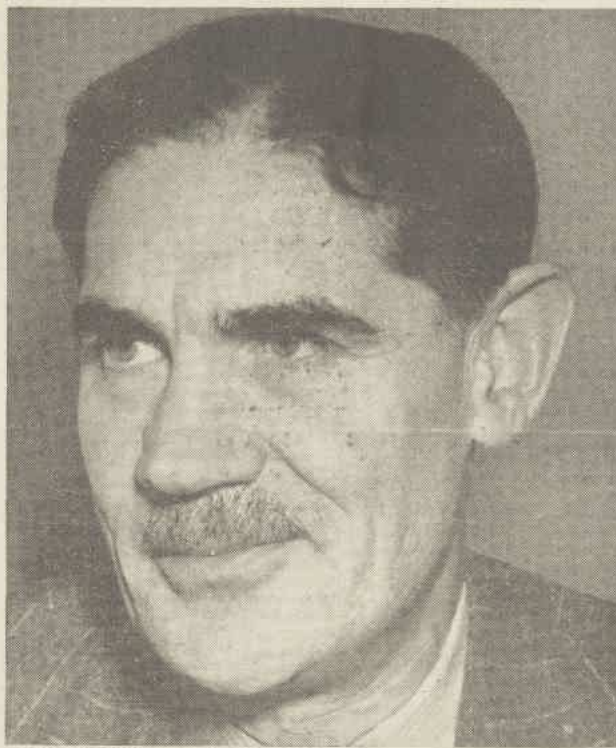
Secondly, they don't become attached to places, but to people.

He went on to say that cats are poised, never give up their independence, understand their owner's mood, and are always graceful and elegant, a delight to the eye.

These points I conceded, with a grace that couldn't have been outdone by the most high-born Siamese.

"What would be nice," I said with studied insouciance, "would be for cats to be more friendly—more like dogs."

Mr. Joseph explained with impeccable patience: "Cats don't go



MICHAEL JOSEPH, the English publisher, who is a cat-lover and has written two books about them, one, "Charles," in memory of his thirteen years' friendship with a Siamese.

looking for friends—that's back-slapping again. In fact, they appreciate not being fondled by strangers."

"If you think cats so superior to dogs," I said coldly, "perhaps you could tell me why."

"But of course," answered the imperturbable Mr. Joseph. "Dogs are like concubines. Cats are like wives."

If there was an answer to that, I didn't have it. We then talked about what cats Mr. Joseph now has.

Jemima and Binks

HE has a Siamese, Jemima Gray, who had five kittens ("not Siamese," he added truthfully) before he left England, and an old black-and-white cat, Binks.

They're being looked after by his daughter Shirley, now Mrs. Michael Savage, down on her farm in Suffolk. Shirley, as a cat-worshipping schoolgirl, came into "Charles."

When asked if she still loved cats as much as ever, her father answered without apparent rancor, "No, we're a versatile family. Jersey cows are now her first affection."

Michael Joseph's cats are never called Ginger, Nigger, or Puss. He thinks that in giving cats these obvious, easy names, owners are paying them a very poor compliment, and showing insufficient respect for feline character.

No one but a true cat-lover, he suggests, would call his cat Gilderoy, Absalom, Potiphar, Wotan, or Feathers. And what could be more appropriate or dignified than the name of Dr. Johnson's cat, Hodge?

"Have you fallen in love with any Australian cats?" I asked in a more friendly manner, remembering that, after all, Mr. Joseph was a visitor.

"I find cats the easiest of all things to be faithful to. But in John Preece, the Adelaide bookseller, I've found a very good cat friend. In fact, when John's cat, Charles, proved to be misnamed, and soon after my arrival had two kittens, he paid me the compliment of calling one Michael and one Joseph."

"How charming!" I murmured, determined not to be outdone in the social graces. "And how are they now?"

"Unfortunately, it was found that a slight error had been made, and

the names had to be changed to Josephine and Napoleon," he told me.

"I notice, apart from your own, your firm has published several other books about cats."

"Well, yes, as a matter of fact," Mr. Joseph admitted modestly. "We are rather noted for our cat publications. James and Pamela Mason's book, 'The Cats In Our Lives,' is doing rather well, and the society hostess Lady Aberconway's anthology, 'A Dictionary Of Cat Lovers,' is selling about 500 a week."

Mr. Joseph, who up till then had been behaving with singular perfection for a man so misguided in his affections, began to take meaningful looks at his watch.

He was giving a publisher's talk on the A.B.C. that night, and was due for a recording, still with a half-written script.

The fact that he keeps his watch 20 minutes fast didn't really help. If he was ever to be converted into a dog-lover instead of a cat-lover, there wasn't very much time.

"Mr. Joseph," I said desperately, "haven't you ever owned a DOG?"

"Certainly. Buller was a beautiful mongrel, and the first pet I ever had. It was over 40 years ago, and I haven't to this day forgiven the aunt who told me that she'd purposely lost him in the streets of London. I loved him dearly."

What would you do with a man like that?

I know one thing. If ever I write a book about cats, I'll immediately send the MSS to the publishing firm of Michael Joseph.

On second thoughts, if I write one about dogs, I'll probably do the same thing.

OUR COVER

OUR cover this week, painted by Arthur Boothroyd, commemorates Australia Day.

The pioneer couple, wearing the formal clothes of civilised London in the 30's, are framed in the straggling, alien trees of a strange new land.

In the background is historic St. Matthew's Church of England, Windsor, which had the distinction of having its foundation-stone laid three times. The first time was on October 13, 1817, when Macquarie laid the stone, placing beneath it a "holey" Spanish dollar. That night a thief took the money, so two days later Macquarie did the job again. Once more the money disappeared, and later in the year the stone was relaid without ceremony.

By 1819 the church was practically rebuilt by the famous Francis Greenway.

1950 REVIVES TUBULAR 'TWENTIES



EVENING CAPE of green satin is from Marcel Rochas. It is lavishly bordered with beige fox.



LATE AFTERNOON frock of tortoiseshell-colored tulle by Rochas banded with sequins.

● A flashback in fashion to the line and feeling of the middle 'twenties is forecast by these pictures from the new Paris collections. Designers are making dresses plain, narrow, and shorter. They are adorned with fringe and beading, both trademarks of the tubular 'twenties. Combined with short haircuts, cloche hats, and dangling ear-rings, the "period" effect of the new styles is startlingly marked.



CLOCHE-LIKE hat of green felt by Paquin is inspired by those favored in the middle 'twenties.



RESTAURANT DRESS has straight skirt, uneven hem. The corsage is black velvet and skirt of blue mousseline (Marcel Rochas).



EVENING FROCK of rust taffeta by Bruyere has a basque of satin patterned in black velvet, forming large pockets. Hair style and ear-rings suggest the "Flaming Youth" era.



TUBULAR dress of blue wool is given black fringe overskirt and shoulder drape by Marcel Rochas. Line of dress and use of fringe are reminiscent of the 'twenties.

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for all polished leather



Meltonian keeps every-day shoes as smart as it keeps your very special shoes. Use it always—it's economical and it gives an extra, immaculate gloss.

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Recommends Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens it.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense.

"Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Eczema Itch Dispelled

Your skin has nearly 36 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, cracking, peeling, burning, acne, ringworm, psoriasis, blackheads, pimples, foot itch and other hideous. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germs quickly and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin, or money back on return of empty tins. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and attack the real cause of many skin troubles. The guarantee protects you.

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Jewelex

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Patrons of the Federated Retail Jewellers' Association. "JEWELX" watches can only be purchased at jewellers displaying this sign.

TEENA By HILDA TERRY Sweet affair



ANNE HATHAWAY

PERHAPS there is a more charitable explanation.

Anne, at the time of her husband's death, would have been 60.

It is widely believed that she was in poor health from the time of her children's birth.

In 1616, she might well have been a complete invalid.

Shakespeare in his will directed Susanna and John Hall to make their home at New Place.

Continued from page 18

As John Hall was a clever physician and Susanna a capable and devoted daughter, Shakespeare probably felt he was providing his wife with the best care possible.

Perhaps, too, with the kindest motives, he felt it was better not to burden her with legal matters.

In any case, the law at that time allowed the widow at least one-third of her husband's real property, so Shakespeare was not in a position to cut Anne out of his will, even if he had wished.

Anne made no legal claim to her one-third, so presumably she was satisfied with the will as it stood.

There remains "the second-best bed." Why not the best? Professor Adams, in his "Life of Shakespeare," suggests that the second-best bed in the Shakespeares' home was the one in which Anne was accustomed to lie, and to which in 1616 she may have been already totally confined.

The best bed, in those times, was probably an ornate affair, which the hospitable Elizabethans reserved for the use of guests. Although the more expensive, it may have been the less comfortable.

On April 23 the poet died at his home, and two days later he was buried at Stratford Church.

ANNE HATHAWAY is discussed in biographies of Shakespeare, including those by J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, Sir Sidney Lee, and Joseph Quincy Adams.

Seven years later, on August 6, 1623, Anne died at New Place, aged 67.

John Dowdall, a 17th century biographer of Shakespeare, met an old clerk at Stratford who remembered the Shakespeares.

The clerk said that Anne "did earnestly desire to be laid in the same tomb" with her husband.

But, because of the warning inscription on Shakespeare's tomb, the sextons of Stratford Church did not comply with Anne's request. The inscription reads:

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here,
Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

However, Anne was buried next to her husband.

The truth about the Shakespeares' marriage cannot now be established beyond doubt, but there seems at least as much claim for the more charitable version of it as for the older story of a disliked and neglected wife.

And Now Dimp Cream

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Parties that go with a swing

Your reputation as a hostess will be greatly enhanced when you follow the detailed plans set out in "Cookery for Parties" ... plans and ideas that are practical and easy to follow. An Australian Women's Weekly publication, "Cookery for Parties" is an indispensable guide for all who entertain at home—and it costs only 2/-.

Hollywood Revenge Continued from page 23

AFTER dinner Clive becomes confidential. "I'm nuts about the play," he says to Mike. "But Manny Waxman won't even read it."

"I've something in mind for Manny," Mike tells him. "And maybe it will even get a scream out of Buzzy Baxter too."

"Tell me," says Clive. "If it'll make Buzzy scream loud enough, I'm all for it."

Mapping it out for Clive doesn't take Mike very long. While he's doing it, Clive starts to grin, and by the time Mike is finished, Clive is practically leaping.

"I'm in," he says to Mike. "If Buzzy goes for it, we'll be set."

Mike didn't keep Buzzy Baxter waiting. The night after he's at Clive's house with Toni, Mike is alone at the bar of a night spot when Buzzy comes in for dinner with a party of four.

In a moment, Mike staggers away

from the bar, latches on to a spare chair and joins up with Buzzy's party.

"My name's Mike McKenzie!" Mike hollers at Buzzy. "I got news for you, honey bunch! On account of what you said about me 'n' Toni, you're gonna get sued, baby! You're gonna get sued fr' pleny! Wait'll you see what my lawyer says 'bout you! Gotta letter I'm my lawyer! Got it right here, my pocket! Show it to you!"

Buzzy and her party are just laughing it off, but while they are kidding, Mike digs out a wallet, a cigarette case, a telegram, three or four letters, some pencils, and a couple of handkerchiefs. He dumps them all out on the table, but when he can't find the letter from his lawyer, he starts putting them back in his pockets again.

"Don't move!" he hollers at Buzzy. "Letter I'm my lawyer's my overcoat! Checkroom! Be right back!"

When Mike staggers away from Buzzy's table, he left behind him a couple of letters and this telegram I am speaking about. The telegram is written out in pencil, and Mike's name is signed at the bottom.

"Dolly, darling," the telegram reads, "here's another hot exclusive for you. Clive Danforth's contract with Superba is finished after his next picture. He will not renew. He is buying 'Swing Street Blues' from me, and will make an independent production."

Mike stays in the checkroom for quite a little while. When he gets back, Buzzy and her party are gone. The letters Mike left on the table are still there, but the telegram to Dolly James is missing. Mike puts

the letters back in his pocket, and heads for the nearest phone booth.

"Listen close, monkey," Mike whispers to Toni on the phone. "Could be I'm about ready to cut myself a piece of cake. Don't look now, but there might be plenty of icing on it."

It couldn't be a nicer piece of cake if Mike baked it all himself. It was a couple of weeks cooking, but when it is all done it is really a thing. The icing is so sweet that Mike even has to send Buzzy Baxter a telegram about it. Mike's wire to Buzzy reads as follows:

"Many thanks your story setting Clive Danforth up in business as independent producer. Wherever did you get that idea? As direct result Manny Waxman just bought 'Swing Street Blues' for 50,000 dollars, and signed Danforth new deal Superba. Read all about it in exclusive story Dolly James column today. Quote. Sweet are the uses of publicity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head. End quote. There, but for the grace of a single word, goes W. Shakespeare. He was a good writer, too. Bye now, honey bunch."

After Mike's deal with Superba was all set, he went with Toni on a kind of a delayed honeymoon.

So they packed in to a lake in the high Sierras, and while they are alone up there, Mike made up his mind this Shakespeare really knew his stuff.

The thing Mike tossed at Buzzy in his telegram is only part of a speech which this Shakespeare gave out with for a play called "As You Like It." Mike and Toni are in front of a log fire in their cabin one night when Mike thought about the rest of this speech, and he spoke to Toni about it. The way the rest of this speech goes is like this:

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

(Copyright)

Crooked House

Continued from page 7

I CONSIDERED Sophia's father. He was in every sense a repressed individual. He had been an unhappy, jealous child. He had been forced back into himself. He had taken refuge in the world of books—in the historical past. That studied coldness and reserve of his might conceal a good deal of passionate feeling.

The inadequate motive of financial gain by his father's death was unconvincing—I did not think for a moment that Philip Leonides would kill his father because he himself had not quite as much money as he would like to have. But there might be some deep psychological reason for his desiring his father's death.

Philip had come back to his father's house to live, and later, as a result of the blitz, Roger had come—and Philip had been obliged to see day by day that Roger was his father's favorite. Might things have come to such a pass in his tortured mind that the only relief possible was his father's death? And supposing that death should incriminate his elder brother?

Roger was short of money, on the verge of a crash. Knowing nothing of that last interview between Roger and his father and the latter's offer of assistance, might not Philip have believed that the motive would seem so powerful that Roger would be at once suspected?

I cut my chin with the razor and swore.

What was I trying to do? Fasten murder on Sophia's father? That was a nice thing to try to do! That wasn't what Sophia had wanted me to come down here for.

Or—was it? There was something, had been something all along, behind Sophia's appeal.

If there was any lingering suspicion in her mind that her father was the killer, then she would never consent to marry me—in case that suspicion might be true. And since she was Sophia, clear-eyed and brave, she wanted the truth, since uncertainty would be an eternal and perpetual barrier between us.

Hadn't she been in effect saying to me, "Prove that this dreadful thing

I am imagining is not true. But, if it is true, then prove its truth to me, so that I can know the worst and face it!"

Did Edith de Haviland know, or suspect, that Philip was guilty? What had she meant by "this side idolatry"?

And what had Clemency meant by that peculiar look she had thrown at me when she had said: "Laurence and Brenda are the obvious suspects, aren't they?"

The whole family wanted it to be Brenda and Laurence, hoped it might be Brenda and Laurence, but didn't really believe it was Brenda and Laurence...

And, of course, the whole family might be wrong, and it might really be Laurence and Brenda after all.

Or, it might be Laurence, and not Brenda...

I finished dabbing my cut chin and went down to breakfast filled with the determination to talk to Laurence Brown as soon as possible.

After breakfast I went out through the hall and up the stairs. Sophia had told me that I should find Laurence with Eustace and Josephine in the schoolroom.

I hesitated on the landing outside Brenda's front door. Did I ring and knock, or did I walk right in? I decided to treat the house as an integral Leonides home and not as Brenda's private residence.

I opened the door and passed inside. Everything was quiet, there seemed no one about. On my left the door into the big drawing-room was closed. On my right two open doors showed a bedroom and adjoining bathroom.

This I knew was the bathroom adjoining Aristide Leonides' bedroom, where the escrine and the insulin had been kept.

The police had finished with it now. I pushed the door open and slipped inside. I realised then how easy it would have been for anyone to come up here and into the bathroom unseen.

Please turn to page 29



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New Persil now washes whites whiter than ever before — it's the new "Persil-white"! Persil-washed coloureds are the brightest, richest you've ever seen!
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Replace those natural oils which sun, wind and water dry from your scalp . . .

Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry, dull and brittle if you don't watch out! Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supplements the natural scalp oils and guards against dry scalp and lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR".

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Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frostol-Ice, says grateful user. Only a few drops of Frostol-Ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get from any chemist, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain quickly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Frostol-Ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Arrived at the
Kingdom of Karana, ruled by
KARA and KARON: Said to be
twin sister and brother. When
SAGGO: Court wizard, produces

a scroll, it is found that when the former king died a boy and a girl were chosen to succeed him. Kara and Karon find they are not related, and realise they are in love, so plan to marry. NOW READ ON.



KARA AND KARON, THE
TWIN RULERS, ARE NOT
BROTHER AND SISTER,
AFTER ALL. INSTEAD, THEY
BECOME MAN AND WIFE
IN A CEREMONY OF
BARBARIC
POMP.



THE WEDDING CONCLUDED, EVERYBODY,
KISSES EVERYBODY ELSE. "I'M SO HAPPY,
SIGHS KARA—" SO AM I!" SAYS NARDA,
FERVENTLY, FOR SHE MISSED BEING
FORCED INTO MARRIAGE WITH THE HEAD-
STRONG PRINCE ONLY BY A HAIRBREADTH!



"YOU PROMISED TO SHOW ME YOUR MAGIC," SAYS
SAGGO, THE WIZARD.—"THAT I WILL," REPLIES
MANDRAKE, GESTURING. "BEHOLD THE GREAT
PALACE OF KARANA."



"BEHOLD IT NOW!" CONTINUES
MANDRAKE.—"SAGGO IS OVER-
COME WITH ADMIRATION—
WONDERFUL! AMAZING! THE
WHOLE PALACE IN YOUR PALM.
HOW DID YOU DO IT?"



"BUT I ONLY PROMISED TO SHOW YOU MY
MAGIC. NOT HOW," REPLIES MANDRAKE.



KARA AND KARON AND THE WHOLE COURT ARE
AT THE DOCKS TO WAVE GOODBYE TO THE S.S.
JASON. NARDA BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF.
"KARANA IS A PRETTY PLACE, BUT IF I NEVER
SEE IT AGAIN, I'LL
BE SATISFIED."



NEXT WEEK: NEW ADVENTURE

IT STOOD in the bathroom looking round. It was unobtrusively appointed with gleaming tiles and a sunk bath.

On the wall was a white enamel-cupboard. I opened it. Inside were medical appliances, two medicine glasses, eyebath, eye-dropper.

On a separate shelf were the marked supply of insulin, two hypodermic needles, and a bottle of surgical spirit. On a third shelf was a bottle marked The Tablets—one or two to be taken at night as ordered. On this shelf, no doubt, had stood the bottle of eye-drops.

It was all clear, well arranged, easy for anyone to get at if needed. Equally easy to get at for murder.

I came out of the bathroom and went along the corridor. A spiral flight of stairs led to the floor above. I went up them. Edith's bedroom and sitting-room were here, I knew, and two more bathrooms and Laurence Brown's room.

Beyond that was the short flight of steps down to the big room which was used as a schoolroom.

Outside the door I paused. Laurence Brown's voice could be heard, slightly raised, from inside.

I think Josephine's habit of snooping must have been catching. Quite unashamedly I leaned against the door-jamb and listened.

It was a history lesson that was in progress, and the period in question was the French Directory.

As I listened astoundedly opened my eyes. It was a surprise to me to discover that Laurence Brown was a magnificent teacher.

I don't know why it should have surprised me so much. After all, Aristotle Leonides had always been a good picker of men. For all his mouse-like exterior, Laurence had that supreme gift of being able to arouse enthusiasm and imagination in his pupils.

The drama of Thermidor, the decree of Outlawry against the Robespierres, the magnificence of Barras, the cunning of Fouché—Napoleon, the half-starved young gunner lieutenant—all these were real and living.

Suddenly Laurence stopped. He asked Eustace and Josephine a question, he made them put themselves

Crooked House Continued from page 27

in the places of first one and then another figure in the drama.

Though he did not get much result from Josephine, whose voice sounded as though she had a cold in the head, Eustace sounded quite different from his usual moody self. He showed brains and intelligence and the keen historical sense which he had doubtless inherited from his father.

Then I heard the chairs being pushed back and scraped across the floor. I retreated up the steps and was apparently just coming down them when the door opened.

Eustace and Josephine came out. "Hallo," I said.

Eustace looked surprised to see me.

"Do you want anything?" he asked, politely.

Josephine, taking no interest in my presence, slipped past me.

"I just wanted to see the school-room," I said rather feebly.

"You saw it the other day, didn't you? It's just a kid's place really. Used to be the nursery. It's still got a lot of toys in it."

He held open the door for me, and I went in.

Laurence Brown stood by the table. He looked up, flushed, murmured something in answer to my good-morning and hurried out.

"You've scared him," said Eustace. "He's very easily scared."

"Do you like him, Eustace?"

"Oh, he's all right. An awful ass, of course."

"But not a bad teacher?"

"No, as a matter of fact he's quite interesting. He knows an awful lot. He makes you see things from a different angle. I never knew that Henry the Eighth wrote poetry—to Anne Boleyn, of course. Jolly decent poetry."

We talked for a few moments on such subjects as The Ancient Mariner, Chaucer, the political implications behind the Crusades, the medieval approach to life, and the, to Eustace, surprising fact that Oliver Cromwell had prohibited the celebration of Christmas Day.

Behind Eustace's scornful and rather ill-tempered manner there

was, I perceived, an inquiring and able mind.

Very soon I began to realise the source of his ill-humor. His illness had not only been a frightening ordeal, it had also been a frustration and a setback, just at a moment when he had been enjoying life.

"I was to have been in the eleven next term, and I'd got my house colors. It's pretty thick to have to stop at home and do lessons with a rotten kid like Josephine. Why, she's only twelve."

"Yes, but you don't have the same studies, do you?"

"No, of course she doesn't do advanced maths, or Latin. But you don't want to have to share a tutor with a girl."

I tried to soothe his injured male pride by remarking that Josephine was quite intelligent for her age.

EUSTACE studied me thoughtfully. "Do you think so?" he said. "I think she's awfully wet. She's mad keen on this detecting stuff—goes round poking her nose in everywhere and writing things down in a little black book. I think mother's quite right, and the sooner Jo's packed off to Switzerland the better."

"Wouldn't you miss her?"

"Of course not," Eustace said. He went on irritably: "This house is the absolute limit! Mother always haring up and down to London and bullying tame dramatists to re-write plays for her. And father shut up with his books. Then there's Uncle Roger—always so hearty that it makes you shudder. Aunt Clemency's all right, she doesn't bother you, but I sometimes think she's a bit batty. Aunt Edith's not too bad, but she's old."

I made no comment, and he went on: "Things have been a bit more cheerful since Sophia came back—though she can be pretty sharp sometimes. But it is a queer household, don't you think so? Having a step-grandmother young enough to be your aunt or your older sister. It makes you feel an awful ass!"

I had some comprehension of his feelings. I remembered (very

dimly) my own super-sensitiveness at Eustace's age. My horror of appearing unusual or of my near relatives departing from the normal.

"What about your grandfather?" I said. "Were you fond of him?"

A curious expression flitted across Eustace's face.

"Grandfather," he said, "was definitely anti-social! He thought of nothing but the profit motive. Laurence says that's completely wrong. And he was a great individualist. All that sort of thing has got to go, don't you think so?"

"Well," I said, rather brutally, "he has gone."

"A good thing, really," said Eustace. "I don't want to be callous, but you can't really enjoy life at that age! Anyway, it was time he went. He—"

Eustace broke off as Laurence Brown came back into the room.

Laurence began fussing about with some books, but I thought that he was watching me out of the corner of his eye. He looked at his wristlet watch and said: "Please be back here sharp at eleven, Eustace. We've wasted too much time the last few days."

"O.K., sir."

Eustace lurched towards the door and went out whistling. Laurence Brown darted another sharp glance at me. He moistened his lips once or twice. I was convinced that he had come back into the schoolroom solely in order to talk to me.

Presently, after a little aimless stacking and restacking of books and a pretence of looking for a book that was missing, he spoke. "Er—How are they getting on?"

"They?"

"The police." His nose twitched. A mouse in a trap, I thought.

"They don't take me into their confidence," I said.

"Oh, I thought your father was the Assistant Commissioner."

"He is," I said. "But naturally he would not betray official secrets."

I made my voice purposely pompous.

"Then you don't know how—what—if—" His voice trailed off.

AFTER a moment, Laurence made another effort. "They're not going to make an arrest, are they?" he asked furtively.

"Not so far as I know," I said. "But as I say, I mightn't know."

Get 'em on the run, Inspector Taverne had said. Get 'em rattled. Well, Laurence Brown was rattled.

He began talking quickly and nervously. "You don't know what it's like . . . The strain . . . Not knowing what—I mean, they just come and go—asking questions . . . questions that don't seem to have anything to do with the case . . ."

He broke off. I waited.

"You were there when the Chief Inspector made that monstrous suggestion the other day? About Mrs. Leonides and myself . . . It was monstrous. And wickedly untrue."

His lips quivered.

"Just because she is—was—so many years younger than her husband. People have dreadful minds—dreadful minds. I feel—I can't help feeling—that it is all a plot. The family, you know—Mr. Leonides' family—have never been sympathetic to me. I always felt that they despised me."

His hands had begun to shake.

"Just because they have always been rich and—powerful. They looked down on me. They were always aloof. What was I to them? Only the tutor. Only a wretched, conscientious objector. And my objections were conscientious. They were indeed."

I was still silent. I believed that my silence was achieving more than any arguments or agreements could do. Laurence Brown was arguing with himself, and in so doing was revealing a good deal of himself.

"Everyone's always laughed at me," His voice shook. "I seem to have a knack of making myself ridiculous. It isn't that I really lack courage—but I always do the thing wrong. I went into a burning house to rescue a woman they said was trapped. But I lost the way and the smoke made me unconscious, and it gave a lot of trouble to the firemen finding me. They said, 'Why couldn't the fool leave it to us?'"

Please turn to page 30

Banish IRREGULARITY

and build yourself UP without medicines

Nut-sweet Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural

LAXATIVE, HEALTH FOOD and BLOOD TONIC

Your health depends on what you eat every day. This natural, nut-sweet breakfast food stimulates and maintains daily regularity—as it builds you up! No medicines needed.

Kellogg's All-Bran is not a purgative, but a natural health food. That is good, because your health depends on what you eat . . . not on medicines.

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BULK your system needs every day—the vital bulk that is so often cooked out of our modern foods. The smooth-acting bulk in Kellogg's All-Bran helps prepare internal wastes for quick, easy and daily elimination.

Builds You UP

Kellogg's All-Bran is different from ordinary laxatives or purgatives in another way, too. It is an important source of Vitamins B₁ for the nerves, B₂ for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones, and Niacin for the skin. That is why it helps to build you UP day by day as it relieves constipation. So change to Kellogg's All-Bran . . . effective, gentle, pleasant and safe.

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Just sprinkle Kellogg's All-Bran over your breakfast cereal. It has a tasty, toasted, nutty flavour.



You may prefer to eat it straight out of the packet with sliced fruit, milk and sugar. Or you can make it up into delicious cooked dishes (recipes on every packet). Ask for Kellogg's All-Bran to-day. Sold at all grocers.



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Kellogg's All-Bran is a tonic for your blood—rich in iron. Richer than spinach. It helps keep your blood at its proper iron level. Does away with "tired blood" . . . cleanses away blood impurities as it cleanses out internal impurities. The iron in Kellogg's All-Bran protects your skin from ugly pimples and blemishes.





I've put back the clock!

I look and feel years younger now those ageing wrinkles have gone. Vel-lure Active Wrinkle Cream penetrates and tones up the under tissues of the skin where wrinkles and tired lines begin. Help to recapture a youthful complexion by massaging gently with Vel-lure. As Vel-lure Active Wrinkle Cream is unobtainable in Queensland, we recommend Queensland readers to use "The Vel-lure Cream."

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It cleans as it whitens and won't rub off

AT ALL STORES

RM-49

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For Asthma... Now 6/- and 12/-

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit... and establish your natural powers of regularity. 82% of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead, every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills, and week—once each night. 2nd week—once every other night. Then—nothing! Every day! Drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

Page 30

LAURENCE BROWN

was becoming more and more distressed. He went on hoarsely, "It's no good my trying, everyone's against me. Whoever killed Mr. Leonides arranged it so that I would be suspected. Someone killed him so as to ruin me."

"What about Mrs. Leonides?" I asked.

He flushed. He became less of a moive and more like a man.

"Mrs. Leonides is an angel," he said, "an angel. Her sweetness, her kindness to her elderly husband, her wonderful. To think of her in connection with poison is laughable—laughable! And that thick-headed Inspector can't see it!"

"He's prejudiced," I said, "by the number of cases on his files where elderly husbands have been poisoned by sweet young wives."

"The insufferable dolt," said Laurence Brown angrily.

He went over to a bookcase in the corner and began rummaging the books in it. I didn't think I should get anything more out of him. I went slowly out of the room.

As I was going along the passage, a door on my left opened and Josephine almost fell on top of me.

Her face and hands were filthy and a large cobweb floated from one ear.

"Where have you been, Josephine?" I asked.

I peered through the half-open door. A couple of steps led up into an attic-like rectangular space in the gloom of which several large tanks could be seen.

"In the cistern room?"

"Why in the cistern room?"

Josephine replied in a brief, business-like way: "Detecting."

"What on earth is there to detect among the cisterns?"

To this, Josephine merely replied: "I must wash."

"I should say most decidedly."

Josephine disappeared through the nearest bathroom door. She looked back to say: "I should say it's about time for the next murder, wouldn't you?"

"What do you mean—the next murder?"

"Well, in books there's always a second murder about now. Someone who knows something is bumped off before they can tell what they know."

"You read too many detective stories, Josephine. Real life isn't like that. And if anybody in this house knows something, the last thing they seem to want to do is to talk about it."

Josephine's reply came to me rather obscured by the gushing water of the tap: "Sometimes it's something that they don't know that they do know."

I blinked as I tried to think this out. Then, leaving Josephine to her ablutions, I went to the floor below.

Just as I was going out through the front door to the staircase, Brenda came with a soft rush through the drawing-room door. She came close to me and laid her hand on my arm, looking up at me.

"Well?" she asked.

It was the same demand for information that Laurence had made, only it was phrased differently. And her one word was far more effective.

I shook my head. "Nothing," I said.

She gave a long sigh.

"I'm so frightened," she said.

"Charles, I'm so frightened..."

Her fear was very real. It communicated itself to me there in that narrow space. I wanted to reassure her, to help her. I had once more that poignant sense of her as terribly alone in hostile surroundings.

She might well have cried out: "Who is on my side?"

And what would the answer have been? Laurence Brown? And what, after all, was Laurence Brown?

No tower of strength in a time of trouble. One of the weaker vessels.

I wanted to help her. I badly wanted to help her. But there was nothing much I could say or do.

"The inquest's to-morrow,"

Crooked House Continued from page 29

Brenda said. "What—what will happen?"

There I could reassure her.

"Nothing," I said. "You needn't worry about that. It will be adjourned for the police to make inquiries. It will probably set the Press loose, though."

"Will—will they be very dreadful?"

"I shouldn't give any interviews if I were you. You know, Brenda, you ought to have a lawyer—" She recoiled with a gasp of dismay. "No—no—not the way you mean. But someone to look after your interests and advise you as to procedure, and what to say and do, and what not to say and do."

I added, "You see, you're very much alone."

Her hand pressed my arm more closely. "Yes," she said. "You do understand that. You've helped, Charles, you have helped..."

I went down the stairs with a feeling of warmth, of satisfaction. Then I saw Sophia standing by the front door. Her voice was cold and rather dry as she told me that my father had telephoned, wanting to see me at Scotland Yard.

THERE was something strained in the atmosphere of my father's office when I arrived into it. The Old Man sat behind his table, Chief-Inspector Taverner leaned against the window frame. In the visitor's chair sat Mr. Gaitskill, looking, ruffled.

"—extraordinary want of confidence," he was saying acidly.

"Of course, of course." My father spoke soothingly. "Ah, hello, Charles, you've made good time. Rather a surprising development has occurred."

"Unprecedented," Mr. Gaitskill said.

Something had clearly ruffled the little lawyer to the core.

"If I may recapitulate?" my father said. "Mr. Gaitskill received a somewhat surprising communication this morning, Charles. It was from a Mr. Agrodopolous, proprietor of the Delphos Restaurant. He is a very old man, a Greek by birth, and when he was a young man he was befriended by Aristide Leonides. He has always remained deeply grateful, and it seems that Leonides placed great trust in him."

"I would never have believed Leonides was of such a suspicious and secretive nature," said Mr. Gaitskill. "His affairs had been in my hands for well over 40 years."

Mr. Gaitskill opened his mouth, but my father forestalled him.

"Mr. Agrodopolous stated in his communication that he was obeying certain instructions given him by his friend Aristide Leonides. Briefly, about a year ago he had been entrusted by Mr. Leonides with a sealed envelope which he was to forward to Mr. Gaitskill immediately after Mr. Leonides' death."

"He apologises for the delay, but explains that he has been ill, and only learned of his old friend's death yesterday. Now Mr. Gaitskill considered it his duty to let us see the contents of the envelope. They consist of a will, duly signed and attested, and a covering letter."

"So the will has turned up at last?" I said.

Mr. Gaitskill turned purple.

"It is not the same will," he barked. "This is not the document I drew up at Mr. Leonides' request. This has been written out in his own hand, a most dangerous thing for any layman to do."

I did not quite see why I had been called in on this. It seemed to me singularly unorthodox on both my father's and Taverner's part.

I should have learnt about the will in due course, and it was really not my business at all how old Leonides had left his money.

"Is it a different will?" I asked.

"It is indeed," said Mr. Gaitskill.

My father was looking at me. Chief-Inspector Taverner was very carefully not looking at me. In some way, I felt vaguely uneasy. Something was going on in both their minds, and it was a something to which I had no clue.

I looked inquiringly at Gaitskill. "It's none of my business," I said.

"But—"

"Mr. Leonides' testamentary dispositions are not of course a secret," he said. "I understand," he paused, "that there is an understanding, shall we say—between you and Miss Sophia Leonides?"

"I hope to marry her," I said, "but she will not consent to an engagement at the present time."

"By this will," said Mr. Gaitskill, "dated November 29 of last year, Mr. Leonides, after a bequest to his wife of £100,000, leaves his entire estate, real and personal, to his granddaughter, Sophia Katherine Leonides, absolutely."

I gasped. Whatever I had expected, it was not this.

"He left the whole caboodle to Sophia," I said. "What an extraordinary thing. Any reason?"

"He set out his reasons very clearly in the covering letter," said my father. He picked up a sheet of paper from the desk in front of him.

"You have no objection to Charles reading this, Mr. Gaitskill?"

"I am in your hands," said Mr. Gaitskill coldly. "The letter does at least offer some sort of weak explanation."

The Old Man handed me the letter.

It was written in small, crabbed handwriting in very black ink. The handwriting showed character and individuality. It was not at all like the handwriting of an old man, except, perhaps, for the careful forming of the letters, more characteristic of a bygone period, when literacy was something painstakingly acquired and correspondingly valued.

"Dear Gaitskill (it ran)."

"You will be astonished to get this, and probably offended. But I have my own reasons for behaving in what may seem to you an unnecessary secretive manner."

"I have long been a believer in the individual. In a family, I have observed, there is always one strong character, and it usually falls to this one person to care for, and bear the burden of, the rest of the family. In my family I was that person."

"I came to London, established myself there, supported my mother and my aged grandparents in Smyrna, extricated one of my brothers from the grip of the law, secured the freedom of my sister from an unhappy marriage and so on. God has been pleased to grant me a long life, and I have been able to watch over and care for my own children and their children."

"Many have been taken from me by death; the rest, I am happy to say, are under my roof. When I die, the burden I have carried must descend on someone else."

"After close observation I do not consider either of my sons fit for this responsibility. My dearly loved son Roger has no business sense, and, though of a lovable nature, is too impulsive to have good judgment. My son Philip is too unsure of himself to do anything but retreat from life."

"Eustace, my grandson, is very young and I do not think he has the qualities of sense and judgment necessary. He is indolent and very easily influenced by the ideas of anyone whom he meets."

"Only my granddaughter Sophia seems to me to have the positive qualities required. She has brains, judgment, courage, a fair and unbiased mind, and, I think, generosity of spirit. To her I commit the family welfare, and the welfare of my kind sister-in-law, Edith de Haviland, for whose lifelong devotion to the family I am deeply grateful."

"This explains the enclosed document. What will be harder to explain—or rather to explain to you, my old friend—is the deception that I have employed."

"I thought it wise not to raise speculation about the disposal of my money, and I have no intention of letting my family know that Sophia is to be my heir."

Please turn to page 36

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 28, 1950

FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. MILTON HASSENPFEDER asks Larry for help against NUMBSKULL, a killer. Larry, JUNE FARRELL, and HAPPY drive to Riot Road. They see men racing away from PEACHES, Numbskull's girl. As Funnyman, Larry gets out and walks beside her, risking sudden death.

As I Read The STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Joy, hope, and bright prospects mark this week, with the attainment of many of your wishes. All days are favored from January 26, although you will probably find January 29 to 31 the most outstanding.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Wonderful opportunities are indicated for occupational and business improvements. Marriage and career are equally important, with January 28 to 31 your key days.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Important progress is indicated from January 26, when your quest of knowledge could lead you toward new mental horizons where you will find great satisfaction. Journeys or travel are also indicated.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): This week represents a fresh start in matters concerning mutual assets. Assume full responsibility about your income and the way you wish to spend it. Fortune favors you from January 26 to 31.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): An idealistic focus for your emotions is likely this week, which could lead to a new romance, engagement, or matrimony. Your happiest days are from January 28 to 31.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): You could take over a new job this week or have some expansion or luck in your present occupation. A most congenial atmosphere surrounds all your affairs over the next few days.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): During this week you are likely to enjoy a good many social pleasures which could lead to a new romance or give a great deal of zestful happiness. All new enterprises are favored.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): One of your best weeks to make beneficial changes in home, or to plan entertainment and enjoy happier and more satisfactory companionship. Your most interesting days start from the week-end.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): You will in all probability enthuse over new ideas. Don't hesitate if you are requested, perhaps, to make an important decision about a new location. Luck is with you from January 28 to 31.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): A forward step is indicated in your financial affairs over the next ten days. Opportunity might make it possible to profit from a business investment.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): An unanticipated change could occur that signals a very worthwhile phase in your immediate future. Social pleasures, personal favor, and romance are all indicated for the next seven days.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Although this week may necessitate occasional days alone, it gives good opportunity to enjoy the reward of past endeavors and to get your plans formulated for future action. No adverse aspects this week.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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LG/1498

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HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY

with New! Improved!
Colgate Dental Cream

EXHAUSTIVE research by Eminent American Dental Authorities proves how using Colgate Dental Cream helps stop dental decay before it starts! Continuous research — hundreds of case histories — makes this the most important news in dental history! Eminent American dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating. The other group followed their usual dental care. The average of the group using Colgate's as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—far less tooth decay! The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate.



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GIANT 2-
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**Clean Your Breath While
You Clean Your Teeth—and
HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!**

*Right after eating.

DIO/1498

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Oh, You Beautiful Doll

JUNE HAYER and Mark Stevens play the romantic team in this technicolor Fox musical, which is a pleasant enough affair of nostalgic music and sentiment.

Given as the biography of popular-song composer Fred Fisher, whose real name was Alfred Breitenbach, the story relates how a serious musician is high-pressed into the pop-field by New York ace song-seller Larry Kelly.

As the eccentric Mr. Fisher, once Breitenbach, S. Z. ("Cuddles") Sakall is amusing rather than broken hearted when his symphonies hit Tin Pan Alley as jazz.

Against turn-of-the-century musical hall backgrounds and the gaudy backdrops of that plush era, June Hayer is completely jeune fille until she falls heavily for Mr. Kelly. After that she displays unswerving purpose in getting her man.

Mark Stevens partners her amiably in songs, dances, and romances, while Charlotte Greenwood, as Anna Breitenbach, efficiently copes with everybody's whims.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.



CHARMING FILM ACTRESS Frances Gifford does a few household chores during a break in filming "Riding High," a story with a race-track background, in which she is seen as the society belle who tries unsuccessfully to win the love of Bing Crosby.

New films planned for Gable

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

WHILE Clark Gable honeymooned with his bride, M.G.M. reshaped its publicity policy for the "king."

Fan mail is being carefully watched for clues as to how to present Gable to the public in future, and although his parting words were that he intends to make no more than one or two pictures this year, M.G.M. is just as resolved to put out a record number of Gable films in the shortest possible time.

Gable's fame has soared since the wedding announcement, and the studio is bent on cashing in.

The newlyweds were accompanied

during their Hawaiian honeymoon by Howard Strickling, M.G.M.'s publicity head, who became Gable's Man Friday.

HOLLYWOOD is talking about a new Disney project with surrealist painter Salvador Dali. Insiders at the cartoonist's Burbank studios say a deal is cooking for Dali to team with Disney in a ballet picture using a surrealist theme.



BILL HOLDEN and his actress wife, brunette Brenda Marshall, dance away an evening at Club Mocambo. Married in 1941, the happy parents of three children, this couple hold a special place in Hollywood esteem, taking a four-year war separation in a stride, and each building up a successful screen career afterwards.

HANDSOME Stephen McNally returns to his home studio, Universal, to start his 1950 movie work with the role of a bewhiskered Western villain in "Winchester 73." James Stewart and Shelley Winters play the hero and heroine of the big outdoor thriller, for which a location jaunt to the deserts of Arizona is planned. Anthony Mann is the director.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT will put her fifteen-plus years of acting experience to work behind the cameras shortly with a romantic comedy, "All Women Are Human," as her first directorial assignment. This is the first of three pictures which Colbert will direct under her new contract with R.K.O. producers Jack Skirball and Bruce Manning. Manning himself wrote the story about a pretty girl biochemist who mixes science with love. Colbert, who has starred in three recent Skirball-Manning pictures, plans to continue her own acting career with her directorial projects sandwiched between.

RONALD REAGAN for once will take a back seat to competing romantic actors in "Louisa," Universal's forthcoming romantic comedy. Two screen veterans will steal the limelight. They are Charles Coburn and Edmund Gwenn, who will vie for the hand of a middle-aged widow with teenage ideas while Reagan looks on.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR is preparing for a big event. Not marriage. Not even an engagement, although the latter is nothing new in her young life. Taylor is making arrangements for a pre-graduation party at her home for her fellow-students at the studio school. The dark-eyed beauty graduates from high school shortly.

ORPHANS will be the subject of a new screen venture under consideration by producer Ed Gross. It is "Dear Enemy," based on Jean Webster's novel, which will be turned into a technicolor feature this year. The picture will include actual scenes to be filmed at an orphanage near Hollywood, with the remainder to be shot on rented studio space.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 28, 1950

Talent and glamor . . .



Deborah Kerr



Alexis Smith



Audrey Totter

• **DEBORAH KERR** is a talented M.G.M. star. After playing the heavy, dramatic role of Spencer Tracy's wife in "Edward, My Son," this popular British actress has a complete change of pace in a comedy role in "Please, Believe Me," with three handsome leading men—Mark Stevens, Peter Lawford, and Robert Walker.

• **ALEXIS SMITH** co-stars with Joel McCrea, Zachary Scott, and Dorothy Malone in Warner Brothers' technicolor Western "South of St. Louis." Miss Smith points out that most of her roles have been either sad or dignified, and she is glad that this Civil War story allows her to kick over the traces as a gun-smuggler.

• **AUDREY TOTTER** (M.G.M.), sophisticated blonde, will appear next with Cyd Charisse, Richard Basehart, and Barry Sullivan in "Tension." She is making a name for herself as one of Hollywood's better young character actresses. Born in the United States, of Continental parents, versatility, a talent for drama, and a penchant for being different brought her success early in life.



7320-9, 48



Perhaps the finest tribute paid to the world-popular DeWitt's Antacid Powder is the confidence with which it is recommended by one-time sufferers to their friends and family.

This faith is built on firm foundations, for DeWitt's Antacid Powder does exactly what it sets out to do—it conquers stomach suffering, and conquers it speedily.

No matter how long or how severely you have suffered, here is relief, real and lasting—here is the road back to brighter days and restful nights.

There is a simple explanation why DeWitt's Antacid Powder works with such efficacy. Among

the scientifically blended ingredients is one of the fastest acid neutralisers in existence. This counteracts excess acidity immediately. Other ingredients spread a protective coat over the inflamed stomach lining, neutralising further acid formation as it arises.

Flatulence, heartburn, excess acidity, discomfort and pain all yield to this well-tried and trusted family medicine. Sometimes even a single dose is enough. So take a little friendly advice—keep a canister of DeWitt's Antacid Powder handy in the house. Take a dose at the slightest signs of stomach trouble and keep fit and free from after-meal miseries. For economy's sake, order the giant 4/6 canister—it contains two and a half times the quantity in the 2/6 size.

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain



1 LED by Sir Andrew Foulkes (Robert Coote), members of the Pimpernel's band, disguised as revolutionaries, smuggle the de Tournai family out of their chateau.



2 EXTRAVAGANT for Sir Percy Blakeney (David Niven) is surprised to meet revolutionary agent Chauvelin (Cyril Cusack), in England to capture mysterious Pimpernel, in his own dining-room.



3 INTRODUCED to London society as Republic agent, Chauvelin makes point of meeting Lady Blakeney (Margaret Leighton). She despises her seemingly indolent husband, who mistrusts her sympathies.



4 BALL at Grenville House gives Chauvelin chance to trade Lady Blakeney letter incriminating brother, Armand St. Just, for help in unmasking Pimpernel.



5 AFRAID to refuse, she tells Sir Percy about letter, but not bargain, and unknowingly betrays husband when she gets information wanted by Chauvelin.

THE ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL

IN 1792 France was a country torn asunder by revolution. Terror reigned supreme, upheld by Madame Guillotine.

All England applauded the exploits of the Scarlet Pimpernel, a brave Englishman and master of disguise, whose band of adventurers had saved many aristocrats from death.

"The Elusive Pimpernel," a production of The Archers, is an adventure story in the grand manner, photographed in technicolor, in which David Niven and Margaret Leighton co-star, and Jack Hawkins, Cyril Cusack, and Robert Coote are featured.



6 JOURNEY to Mont St. Michel to warn St. Just follows Sir Percy's failure to steal letter. His wife follows, meaning to save him, or die with him.



7 SURROUNDED by Chauvelin's soldiers, escape seems impossible, and husband and wife face death. Then rising tide enables Pimpernel to sail off in his yacht, Daydream, after destroying letter.



8 REUNITED in mutual love and trust, back in London Sir Percy and wife are greeted by Prince Regent (Jack Hawkins), who suspects his subject's dual identity.

THE GIANT WITH SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS

Nowadays you don't meet giants in magical boots that stride seven leagues at a step. And Hop-o-my-Thumb wouldn't have to steal them from the giant asleep—he'd slip into a shoe store for a pair of Paddle shoes that would fit just as magically, wear just as well, and look a lot smarter. Ask your Mother—she always says it's "PADDLE FOR PREFERENCE."



Paddle

for preference

C H I L D R E N ' S S H O E S



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G.387. PADDLE "JAGUAR." Tan Tanning Derby-Tie. Also in Black. Sizes 11-12.



G.376. PADDLE "BADGER." Brown Tanning Mock shoe with Brown Moccasin. Also Black Patent and Black Croc. Moccasin. Sizes 11-12, 13-14.



G.362. PADDLE "PRIMROSE." Black Patent Ankle Strap shoe. Sizes 11-12.

How to get more wear from Children's Shoes . . .

1. Make sure the shoes fit correctly in the first place. If they don't fit correctly, they'll hurt the feet and wear badly.
2. Take care of the shoe leather. Rub plenty of polish well in daily—it preserves the leather and keeps it soft and pliable.
3. Let wet shoes dry slowly. Don't put them in front of a hot fire.
4. Paddle shoes can be repaired—don't let them get too worn before you take them to a boot-repairer.

Good Shoes for All Ages of Children

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To Alexandria Spinning Mills Pty. Ltd., Dept. AM21, 30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney. Yes... I would like to see the new Sun-glo designs from your 1950 Knitting Books. Please send me FREE illustrated folder by return mail. I enclose 1/6d. in stamps for postage. (Name and address in BLOCK letters will speed delivery.) NAME..... ADDRESS..... STATE.....

SG 42.82



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MISS OFFICERS

ONLY did not like this. She was afraid of the thing, the noise and all, but she was even more afraid of Beer To-day, so she followed him a short distance along the shore to the boat, and at his command got in, trembling.

Beer To-day showed off, then he also got in and turned the engine. Nothing happened. He tried it again, as Miss Officers Only sat rigid.

Near by was a large shed, an American shed, that Beer To-day had forbidden any person even to approach. He glanced at his companion, hesitated, then got out of the boat, waded through shallow water over to the shed, and entered.

Miss Officers Only, now alone with the engine, was stricken with sudden panic. Terribly frightened, too afraid to think clearly, she jumped from the boat and followed Beer To-day. He was crouched before one of three large metal tanks in the shed. He held a can under a faucet, and something was running into it.

"What do you think you're doing here?" he demanded.

"I was afraid."

Beer To-day stepped quickly up to her and went through the familiar American manoeuvre, only this time he applied the open palm to the cheek.

"Look," he said, squinting, "you didn't see anything. Not a thing. Did you?"

Miss Officers Only began to cry. "Answer me!" Beer To-day drew back his arm.

"No, I didn't."

"That's better. Go get in the boat."

Miss Officers Only did so, wiping her eyes. Beer To-day followed with the can, and poured the liquid into the engine.

"What's that?" the young lady asked.

"American water. Just skip it."

Miss Officers Only stroked her hurt cheek. "Everything is American," she said bitterly under her breath, as the engine went into its frightful racket and the boat moved.

Some Biakians near by came to the shore to watch, and Miss Officers Only saw This Way Out among them, and since Beer To-day was not looking she waved. This Way Out waved back.

The darkest place in the area on a moonlight night was beneath a certain group of palms, and here Miss Officers Only and This Way Out met, in private, for the first time since the occasion sketched in above.

"Well," This Way Out said, after he had listened for a while, "I still don't understand it very well. It gets me down." He gnawed his lower lip. "Let me see the paper."

Miss Officers Only handed it to him, taking it from her hair. He looked it over. "I don't know," he said uncomfortably. "I just don't know. Sometimes I suspect that Beer To-day is getting away with murder. I wish I knew what his secret is. For example, I don't think this paper would make the boat go. He must have something else."

Miss Officers Only thought it over; then, making her decision, she explained about the American water in the shed.

This Way Out snapped his fingers. "That's it," he said positively. "That's the whole thing, right there. If I only had some of that, maybe I could do all the things that he can do." He sighed. "Things are tough all over, Joe."

Miss Officers Only took the paper back and replaced it in her hair. "Please tell me what that means. You keep saying it."

This Way Out took her hand in his own. "It is—I think it is English for 'I love you.' In any case, that's what I mean by it. I love you very dearly, although I don't know the English for that."

Miss Officers Only was silent for a moment, then she said, "Ting-tuff-

The Imitation American

Continued from page 9

allor, ho." She giggled musically. "I also mean it."

This Way Out took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly. "We'll be married," he said.

She snuggled closer. "I'm frightened of Beer To-day."

"Perhaps you are still fond of him."

"No, not any more."

"Then we'll find a way. I think I can gather together enough of us who are tired of all this and want to return to the old village and the old way of life to settle the hash of Beer To-day. Should we all move away and leave him here with his wealth, his boat, and his bombardment aircraft, there would be nobody here to be afraid of him, therefore"—he hesitated—"therefore nobody would be afraid of him. I'll call a meeting as soon as we have a dark night."

Two nights later, when the haze of the coming storm covered the moon, a small group squatted in a structure somewhat apart from the main area, a little shack into which no family had moved, for it was partly filled with large boxes, too heavy to move and stencilled in Japanese, that had a sinister, explosive air about them.

Present were those whom This Way Out felt he could trust—patrons, every one.

This Way Out was summing up his case.

"Compare to-day," he said, "with the way it was before the Americans. We were happy, all of us together. We fished; we lay easily on the ground or dozed on palm leaves and mats. We fixed our coconuts, we had our dances and made love to our women. When it came to fishing, we paddled our own canoes and caught fish, fat ones, all we needed."

"To-day, what? Rattle and bang, there goes the boat, frightening

everybody, even the fish. Perhaps we catch more, but they are slender, thin with worry, and in any case Beer To-day gets the surplus, and more than that. He is never satisfied; there is not a man here who is not in debt to Beer To-day."

"He talks about a modern city, but he can't make one; he doesn't know how. The government buildings he is planning will never be built, mail for everybody is just a dream, the old jeep at the water's edge never will be repaired, his airplane never will take us to Australia for our vacations. He lives without working; he is rich."

"But for the rest of us, it is no life at all. It is pleasant to be towed around, it is quite jolly, but our muscles are getting soft, and should the savages from New Guinea attack, we would be beaten and"—This Way Out hesitated—"consumed."

"In any case, the jungle is moving in; not even the great Beer To-day can stop that. The airstrip is all grown in, the bulldozer that was to have fashioned Beer To-day's super-highway system is rusty, just as the jeep is. Briefly, the day of the Americans is over. Let us leave the wreckage and decay to Beer To-day and return to the village of our—"

This Way Out stopped. In the dim, wavering light of the candle he saw, quite suddenly, the whites of everybody's eyes. No heads had turned, nor any bodies, but the eyes had. They had turned toward the entrance.

This Way Out looked over there, and had Biak not been so close to the equator he doubtless would have frozen stiff.

Please turn to page 37

Crooked House

Continued from page 30

GLANCING up from the document, I found my father and Taverner eyeing me shrewdly. I read on: "To stifle curiosity, I asked you to draw me up a will. This will I read aloud to my assembled family. I laid it on the desk, placed a sheet of blotting paper over it and asked for two servants to be summoned."

"When they came I slid the blotting paper up a little, exposing the bottom of a document, signed my name and caused them to sign theirs. I need hardly say that what I and they signed was the will which I now enclose and not the one drafted by you which I had read aloud."

"I cannot hope that you will understand what prompted me to execute this trick. I will merely ask you to forgive me for keeping you in the dark. A very old man likes to keep his little secrets."

"Thank you, my dear friend, for the assiduity with which you have always attended to my affairs. Give Sophia my dear love. Ask her to watch over the family well and shield them from harm."

Yours very sincerely,
Aristide Leonides."

"Extraordinary," I said.

"Most extraordinary," said Mr. Gaitskill, rising. "I repeat, I think my old friend Mr. Leonides might have trusted me."

"No, Gaitskill," said my father. "He was a natural twister. He liked, if I may put it so, doing things the crooked way."

Gaitskill stalked out unmollified. He had been wounded to the depths of his professional nature.

"It's hit him hard," said Taverner. "Very respectable firm, Gaitskill, Callum, and Gaitskill. When old Leonides put through a doubtful deal he never put it through with them. He had half a dozen different firms

of solicitors who acted for him. Oh, he was a twister!"

"And never more so than when making his will," said my father.

"We were fools," said Taverner. "When you come to think of it, the only person who could have played tricks with that will was the old boy himself. It just never occurred to us that he could want to!"

I remembered Josephine's superior smile as she had said: "Aren't the police stupid?"

But Josephine had not been present on the occasion of the will. And even if she had been listening outside the door, which I was fully prepared to believe, she could hardly have guessed what her grandfather was doing. Why, then, the superior air? What did she know that made her say the police were stupid? Or was it, again, just showing off?

Struck by the silence in the room, I looked up sharply. Both my father and Taverner were watching me. I don't know what there was in their manner that compelled me to blurt out defiantly: "Sophia knew nothing about this! Nothing at all."

"No?" said my father.

I didn't quite know whether it was an agreement or a question. "She'll be absolutely astounded!"

"Yes?"

There was a pause. Then, with what seemed sudden harshness, the telephone on my father's desk rang. "Yes?" He lifted the receiver, listened, and then said: "Put her through." He looked at me. "It's your young woman," he said. "She wants to speak to us. It's urgent."

I took the receiver from him.

"Sophia?"

"Charles?" Sophia's voice broke. She said, "It's—Josephine!"

To be continued

BEEER TO-DAY was standing there, glaring at the Biakians.

"So that's it!" he thundered. "A plot. Well, well, well! My aching back!" he continued. "White Christmas! When we go home. Here! Chow! You can have it!"

The Biakians rose slowly, tensely, in unison; then, as Beer To-day stepped inside, they rushed the exit, pawing frantically at one another to be the first to get away. Beer To-day walked slowly towards This Way Out, who had stood his ground.

When he came to, he was lying on the floor in the same old position. He was alone and in darkness, for the candle was out. He got up slowly, feeling his jaw for major damage, felt his way to the exit, and was outside.

A great wave of anger and frustration swept through This Way Out. He knew it was all-out conflict to the end; at last, and sickeningly he realised what that end would be.

Then he remembered the American water that Miss Officers Only had told him about, the magic in the forbidden shed that made the boat go. It was clear that this was the key to meeting Beer To-day on his own ground, and equally clear that if he was to get some of this in time, it must be now, during the storm.

Cautiously he made his way towards the shed. When he reached it, he waited for a long time before daring to touch it. Then, tentative fingers finding the door, he opened it ever so slowly, a part of an inch at a time. Suddenly the wind swept it from him and slammed it with terrific impact against the side of the shed.

This Way Out, in mortal terror, leaped inside. The wind caught the door again and banged it shut behind him, and after one scream he crouched, shaking, in a corner, awaiting death.

At this point he remembered his matches. He had tucked the packet of matches in his hair after lighting the candle, and now he took this out, tore off a match, and scratched it. The three tanks loomed forbiddingly in the tiny light. At the bottom of the nearest was a faucet, and from this there was a slow dripping; the ground beneath it was damp.

This Way Out, his heart now racing, wondered if this could be it. He held the match closer, and as it burned his fingers he dropped it.

Miss Officers Only was huddled at the roots of a huge palm, prepared to weather the storm, when the shed at the water's edge caught fire with such astonishing suddenness, then, a little later, blew up.

Nobody ever could remember what caught fire next, but that there was a spreading roar of flames through the area such as no Biakian ever had seen before—war or peace, Japs or Americans—was a certainty.

"To the village! To the old village! Oh, hurry!"

The fine strong voice that Miss Officers Only now heard rising above the crackle of the flames and the vast sound of the wind whipping them had a familiar ring, and in the light of the fires people were moving swiftly, and this movement was, indeed, toward the old village.

"Here I am, This Way Out!" she called; and she stood up as he came toward her, a fine figure of a man in the weird light.

"Darling!" he panted.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh, your eyebrows! Your hair! Gone!"

"So what?" This Way Out snapped. He looked at the erstwhile residence of the Officers Onlys, now the warehouse of Beer To-day, which was the main source of light. Things inside began to explode. Spam! Zowie! Spam-spam-spam! Spam!

"Beer To-day's canned goods," This Way Out said laconically. "Let's go." He picked up Miss

The Imitation American

Officers Only and walked away with her.

Zing! Spat-spat-spat! Zingety-zing-zing! This was a furious outburst of small, firecrackerlike reports, coming from a new direction. This Way Out looked over his shoulder. The shack in which he had tried to hold his meeting now was on fire. The popping sound came from it in mounting bursts, and there was a strange new whining in the air, and as the structure came apart great showers of tracer bullets rose fountainlike from the fury of its disintegration.

Beer To-day, meanwhile, had realised the jig was up as soon as he saw the first of the flames, the start of which naturally puzzled him. He knew what would happen should they get to the aeroplane, for he had seen a thing like that before.

Escape! The first thing he thought of was his boat, which, with the coming of the wind, he had beached in a sheltered nook. He found it easily enough, and as he was getting in he remembered that his gas was low. Confound the fire!

He turned the engine and it caught. He steered out of the comparatively calm water, then turned head-on into the sharp, foaming waves. Now, in the light from the fires, he saw three fellow Biakians who were walking into the waves on foot just ahead. They turned at the sound of the engine, and as the boat came up to them they grabbed happily at the gunwale.

"A bore is a man who, when you ask him how he is, tells you."

—Bert L. Taylor: "The So-called Human Race."

"You have saved us!" the nearest one shouted. "Oh, Beer To-day, thank you so very much!"

With a sharp, vicious swing of the rudder, he veered away from them. Let them walk! He headed his craft straight seaward, breathing deeply in relief. Let the plane explode! He was safe!

The engine stopped. The little boat reared, wheeled, and overturned. Beer To-day started swimming, but after only a few strokes he knew he wasn't going anyplace, and he knew the reason why: This was the first time in his life he ever had tried to swim with a corporal's uniform on.

It was a job getting it off. Beer To-day swallowed water in gulps, but he kept at it. He freed himself of the shirt in a heroic struggle, and was just kicking off the pants when the aeroplane blew up.

The morning was calm and quiet; the torrents of rain that had followed the worst of the blow—and had put out the fires—had stopped, the wind itself was loafing at quarter speed, and the Biakians realised it had been only a bobtailed hurricane after all. Now, having weathered it in their village, they were walking back to look over the scene of the fire.

Leading this procession were Miss Officers Only, who never had looked lovelier, and This Way Out, whose innate dignity outshone his lack of eyebrows and his fragmentary hair. They strolled arm in arm.

As they were coming to the place where the plane had been, they saw an odd sight. This was Beer To-day himself, busily picking up bits of twisted aluminium. He was out of uniform—in fact, he was out of clothes. As he saw the Biakians coming, he waved and smiled.

"Well," he said, as they came up, "everything is under control, folks. I'm starting to rebuild my fortune." He held up a small piece of metal. "Souvenirs. The next best thing, with the Americans, after chow, mail, and of course—hch-heh!—beer to-day. Worth millions! Please get to work, everybody. Remember, they are all mine!"

Continued from page 36

"We have come for the promised ride in your aeroplane," somebody said. "To Australia, for our vacation."

"Where is your boat with the engine?"

"Where is your uniform with the corporal's stripes?"

Beer To-day just stood there.

"Look, sweetest of sweets," Miss Officers Only said to her escort in a low voice, "I wonder if you could do that thing. With the hand. You double it up and haul it back, then push it forward, but fast."

"No use. It is American, and I am no American."

"Try!"

This Way Out moved a few steps forward to confront Beer To-day. As Beer To-day watched with interest, This Way Out brought his right arm back and for the first time in his life, at his very first swing, managed to bring about a certain event.

Beer To-day, sitting on the ground, put his hand to his nose, then took it away and looked at it. He knew what it was.

"Get up!" This Way Out ordered.

Beer To-day did so. . . . When he regained consciousness, he was alone, the others having gone to inspect the rest of the ruins. He rose slowly.

Just behind the blackened American area was a bluff, and Beer To-day climbed this with his feet, no hands. It faced east, and Beer To-day sat on the edge of it, also facing east, and looked far out across the blue tropic water toward the distant home of the Americans.

"Hurry!" he cried, as loud as he could. "Oh, Americans, my friends, be quick! Oh, ho-ho-ho! Ho-ho-ho! Return to me, for I am in trouble! My aching Biak! Scram! Chow! You can have it! White Christmas! Home! Nut! No! Yes! Here!"

Beer To-day reared his head and laughed aloud at himself, for with all his faults he was no fool, and he knew that his voice was tiny, and that the Americans were far, far away.

It is a strange Biakian custom, in such a situation, to go back over past events, to wish that things had been otherwise, to figure out where the critical mistake had been made; and this is what Beer To-day now did. And he came to a reasonable conclusion, which was this: He had settled for too low a rating. Next time he would hold out for a commission. That was it! At this electric thought he raised his head. Captain Beer To-day!

Now the sound of voices just below the cliff came to his ears, and he stood perfectly still.

He saw the Biakians. They were moving away from the wreck of the old American encampment, and with their backs turned on a past civilisation, a dead culture now in limbo, a part of the history of the world, they strolled leisurely toward home.

He looked at the muscles of his arms; they were good; they had paddled many a canoe and they could paddle many more. Oh, the things to be done! Fish to catch, palm leaves and mats to lie upon in ease; love to be made; sun and sea and laughter to be enjoyed; sins to be laughed.

Beer To-day smiled as he looked down upon the scene of happiness below him. Then his eyes sought again the far-distant horizon to the east, and although he did not know how to express in English what he had in his heart, he knew what to say in Biakian, the tongue he loved.

"Never mind!" he shouted. "Skip it!"

Then, turning, he started down to join his people.

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LUXURY BATHS



BY CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

● When you've had a tiring day, leaving kinks in the muscles, puckers in your smile, and drooping spirits—take a bath.

NOT just a swift dip into the bath-tub and out, but a lovely relaxing affair with all the fixings.

A slow bath will waft away the grime of office and streets, melt away tension and tiredness, and you will emerge a calmer, sweeter, and more attractive person.

The ancients used to toss flowers into their marble tubs, but we substitute fragrant soaps, bath-salts, perfumed powders that foam and bubble into a fairy froth, bath-oils and the like for that extra touch of luxury.

All these refreshing preparations are made in a wide range of perfumes, and variety is urged for the fillip a change brings to the bath ceremony.

English lavender is a perennial favorite, and so is an eau-de-cologne fragrance, which makes you want to luxuriate longer in the bath.

Pine is specially good in hot weather, and jasmine and rose have a rich floral fragrance which women love.

In addition to pleasing the senses, bath-salts and bubble baths have a practical use in softening water.

Lacking the rich bouquet of the glamor preparations, bicarbonate of soda and starch both leave a pleasantly cool feeling to the skin in hot weather, and the juice of two or three lemons makes a bath fragrant and refreshing.

And dredging up an old one—a handful of coarse salt thrown into the bath acts as a mild tonic.

There are all sorts of ideas about the merits of hot and cold baths. How hot or cold your bath should be depends upon what you want it to do.

Warmth is relaxing, cold is stimulating and energising.

Oddly enough, a slow tepid-to-warm bath, which encourages free perspiration, rather than a icy shower, is the most comforting bath to take in humid weather, and cooling the water down gradually after a few minutes of soaking leaves the skin soothed.

Generous soap latherings and rinsings are classed as essentials of the bath, but added benefit comes with the use of a bath brush.

One with good, firm bristles does the two-way job of scouring away

all the dust, scurf skin, and perspiration, and whipping up circulation.

Ask for a few moments in the sedative comfort of the water before towelling or patting the skin dry and fluffing on talcum.

Really good talcum or dusting powder is made from pure talc, a natural product found in its finest quality in Italy. Body warmth brings out its perfume, so the faintest sweetness is sufficient.

Dust it all over the body generously. The powder takes up any moisture left on the skin, giving slip and smoothness to the surface, so that girdle, underwear, and stockings slide on easily.

The beauty bath in its completest form is that accompanied by a face mask, applied before stepping into the water, and removed after emerging.

A mint mask is refreshing, and easily made.

Crush a spray or two of mint, blend it with cleansing cream, and beat it until it is fluffy.

Prepare the face in the usual way with a good washing, then work the minted cream into the skin, extending operations to the neck, with a light, rotating touch while lazing in the bath.

The relaxing bath is hotter than the luxury bath previously described.

Take this one as hot as you can comfortably stand it, and dress it up a bit, if you like, with pine, or rose, or geranium cosmetics. Or let it be heaped high with scented bubbles.

This warm-to-hot ablution brings about delicious letting down of muscular and nervous tension. It draws the blood away from the brain, and that is why it is so good at the end of a day of intense concentration.

The blood flow is drawn up to the skin, away from internal organs, which is a reason why such a bath should not be taken soon after a meal while digestive processes are taking place.

Bedtime, or the hour after work, and before dinner, is the time for this bath.

A cold bath, on the other hand, is shocking and energising. The action is to send the blood flow out of the skin and to rouse the heart to force circulation back to the surface again.

Forgo the excitement of cold baths or showers if they give you the wrong reaction.

Goodbye Dandruff!



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Wham is a savoury blend of sugar-cured ham and prime beef with the flavour and nourishment of the meat preserved in the tin by pressure-cooking. Wham is a Red Feather food—the brand that has meant the best in canned meats for years—it's made by Kraft. Sold in 12 oz. and 4 oz. cans, 1/4 and 7/8 d.



PANTRY SHELVES stocked with a good variety of jams and preserves, such as the ones illustrated above, are good to have, and will solve many problems when fruits are out of season.

Harvest

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

- Here's your opportunity to make the best jams and preserves you've ever tasted—just follow directions.

THIS is the season for making jams and jellies and preserving popular fruit for use when out of season, so make the most of the summer fruits while they last.

Fruit for jams should be slightly under-ripe. Bruised or damaged parts must be discarded.

Coarse crystal sugar is best for jams and jellies. It gives a clearer mixture.

The addition of lemon juice to fruits deficient in pectin (the jellying substance) and to ripe fruits assists the jellying.

Bottle all jams while hot into heated, clean, dry jars. When cold seal with screw tops, melted paraffin wax, or patent cellophane covers.

FRUIT SALAD JAM

One pound apricots, 1lb. apples, 1lb. peaches, 1lb. plums, 1 banana, 4 passionfruit, 1 lemon, 3lb. sugar, 1 cup halved drained preserved cherries.

Slice apricots, peaches, and plums. Add peeled, cored, and diced apples, sliced banana, passionfruit pulp, strained juice of lemon, and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cook gently until fruit is tender, stirring frequently. Add warmed sugar and cherries; stir until sugar is dissolved.

Cook rather quickly until mixture jells when tested. Bottle and seal.

PLUM JAM

Three pounds plums, 3lb. sugar, 1 cup water.

Halve plums, remove stones. Crack a few stones and remove kernels. Place fruit, kernels, and water in large preserving pan. Bring to the boil, then cook rapidly until plums are quite tender, stirring frequently. Warm sugar, stir into plums, continue rapid cooking until mixture jells when tested on saucer. Bottle and seal.

CHERRY CONSERVE

Two pounds cherries, 2lb. sugar, 4 pint water, juice of 1 lemon.

Remove stones carefully from cherries, preserving the shape of the fruit. If small, leave whole or cut in halves or thick rings. Boil sugar and water 10 minutes, add fruit, cook quickly until mixture jells when tested on cold saucer. Bottle and seal.

PINEAPPLE JAM

Three medium-sized pineapples, 3 lemons, 4lb. sugar, 4 cup chopped ginger.

Peel pineapples, remove eyes. Cut into slices, remove cores and cut into small dice or grate coarsely. Place in a large china basin, cover with sugar, and allow to stand 24

hours. Place in preserving pan, add strained juice of lemons and grated rind of one lemon. Bring to boil. Tie ginger in muslin bag, add to preserving-pan. Boil quickly until mixture jells. Remove ginger, pour into heated jars, seal when cold.

PEACH AND PASSIONFRUIT JAM

Four pounds peaches, 3lb. sugar, 3 lemons, 8 passionfruit.

Peel and slice peaches, sprinkle with half sugar, allow to stand overnight. Next day bring to boiling point, simmer until fruit is tender, add rest of sugar (warmed). Add juice of lemons, cook until beginning to jell. Add passionfruit pulp, cook 10 minutes longer. Bottle into warmed jars, seal when cold.

BOTTLING

Bottling fruit is a simple task provided you follow the instructions carefully and process the required length of time.

For bottling you will require—firm ripe fruit, sugar syrup, jars, rubber rings, and clip-on tops or screw tops; a large boiler or laundry copper with a wooden or metal stand for jars; a sharp knife; and a thermometer if available, but this is not essential.

Prepare the syrup first. Allow 1lb. sugar to 1 pint boiling water for light syrup; 4 cups sugar to 8 cups boiling water for medium syrup; and 1lb. sugar to 1 pint boiling water for heavy syrup (usually used only for papaw and cherries). Boil syrup 10 minutes and strain into large jug ready for use.

Wash bottles thoroughly in hot water, and drain.

Prepare fruit as follows: Apricots, nectarines, and plums do not require peeling (unless desired). Apples and quinces—peel, quarter, and core; drop into salted water (to prevent discoloration). Pineapple and papaw—peel, core, and slice or cut into dice. Pears—peel, halve, and core. Peaches—remove skins by standing 2 minutes in boiling water then dropping in cold water and rubbing gently with the fingers. Halve, remove stones.

Pack fruit firmly into jars and fill bottles to overflowing with syrup. Use light syrup for pears, medium syrup for apricots, plums, nectarines, peaches, quinces, apples, rhubarb, pineapples, loquats, grapes, and all berries; heavy syrup for cherries and papaw.

If using jars with clip-on tops, carefully adjust rubber rings. Clamp lid down firmly with clip. Screw tops, rest lightly on top of jars. Place jars on rack. Separate with cloth to prevent touching.

Fill pan or copper with water up to necks of smallest bottles. If using clip-on tops, bottles may be completely covered with water.

Bring very slowly to heat required, taking 1 to 1½ hours. Keep temperature steady for required time (see chart). Or if processing without the thermometer, bring to boiling-point, taking 1 to 1½ hours, simmer (see chart 2).

If screw-top jars are used, cook until fruit is tender, refill to overflowing with syrup, screw top down very tightly.

Remove jars carefully from boiler, stand on rack out of draughts.

Leave standing until next day, then test as follows: Remove clips from jars, lift by the lid. If lid remains firmly in place and no hissing sound is heard, the seal is airtight. Invert screw-top bottles and watch for leakage of syrup or any air bubbles. Store in cool place.

If seal is not correct, either process again or use fruit immediately.

CHART 1

(Time for processing, using thermometer.)	TIME
FRUIT	
Apricots (160deg.)	1½ hrs.
Nectarines (160deg.)	1½ hrs.
Plums (160deg.)	1½ hrs.
Peaches (180deg., drop to 160deg.)	2 hrs.
Pears (190deg.)	2 hrs.
Pineapple (190deg.)	2 hrs.
Papaw (190deg., drop to 170deg.)	1½ hrs.
Figs (170deg., drop to 160deg.)	2 hrs.
Grapes and Berries (160deg.)	1½ hrs.
Cherries (180deg.)	1½ hrs.
Apples (160deg.)	30 min.
Quinces (200deg., drop to 180deg.)	2½ hrs.
Rhubarb (180deg., drop to 170deg.)	1 hr.

CHART 2

FRUIT	SIMMERING	TIME
Apricots	20 min.	
Nectarines	20 min.	
Plums	20 min.	
Peaches	20 min.	
Pears	25 min.	
Pineapple	30 min.	
Papaw	25 min.	
Figs	30 min.	
Grapes and Berries	20 min.	
Cherries	20 min.	
Apples	25 min.	
Quinces	35 min.	
Rhubarb	10 min.	



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DATE AND NUT MERINGUES win first prize in this week's cookery contest. They are an attractive addition to an afternoon tea or supper table, and are popular with both young and old. See recipe below.

Party fancies win £5

● Tempting and delicious date and nut meringues win this week's first prize of £5 for a Victorian reader.

THE date and nut centre of these meringues has a hint of orange which helps give them a tantalising yet mellow fruit and nut flavor. You'll find them so easy to make that they'll soon become a must when preparing special occasion afternoon teas and suppers.

Asparagus scramble, which wins a consolation prize, will be welcomed for Saturday or Sunday teas served with grilled tomato halves and bacon rolls. See recipe together with other prize-winners on this page.

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

DATE AND NUT MERINGUES

Half-pound stoned dates, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons sugar, vanilla essence, cherries to decorate.

Put dates and walnuts through food mincer or chop together finely, add orange rind and juice. Stir over gentle heat 1 to 2 minutes until softened slightly. Roll into balls with the fingers. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar, continue beating until sugar is dissolved, add vanilla. Press each ball on to the prongs of a fork, and, using a knife, coat completely with meringue. Push each ball carefully off the fork with knife on to greased oven tray. Bake in slow oven (275deg. F. gas, 325 deg. F. electric) 30 to 35 minutes until lightly browned and firm to touch. Allow to cool on tins, remove carefully, and top each with piece of cherry. Store in airtight tin.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Bennett, Arden Cres., Rosanna, Vic.

ASPARAGUS SCRAMBLE

Three eggs, 3 dessertspoons margarine or butter, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper to taste, 1/2 cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1/2 cup grated cheese, 1 tin asparagus pieces and 1/2 the

liquor, buttered toast, parsley to garnish.

Melt margarine or butter in pan, add asparagus and liquor, simmer 1 minute. Stir in milk, bring to just under boiling point. Beat eggs until light and fluffy, season with salt and pepper, add breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Stir egg mixture into asparagus mixture, continue stirring over low heat until an egg-scramble consistency forms. Serve immediately on rounds of hot buttered toast, and garnish with parsley sprigs.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Danvers, c/o Campo, 1 Locke St., New Farm, Brisbane.

HONEY CRUMB MERINGUE WITH RAISIN SAUCE

One and a half cups soft cake crumbs or breadcrumbs, 1 cup honey, 1/2 cup coconut, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 3 eggs, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon melted margarine or butter, 1/2 cup sugar, extra 2 tablespoons coconut.

Combine milk, honey, lemon rind, melted shortening, and beaten egg-yolks. Fold in coconut and cake or bread crumbs, mix well. Pour into greased ovenproof dish, stand in dish of warm water, and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400 deg. F. electric) for 45 to 50 minutes or until set. Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Pile on to honey crumb mixture, top with coconut. Return to oven until meringue is set and lightly browned. Serve hot or cold with raisin sauce.

Raisin Sauce: Simmer 1/2 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup water, 1/2 cup honey, and 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter for 12 to 15 minutes. Blend 1 teaspoon arrowroot with little extra water and stir into raisin mixture, continue stirring over gentle heat for 2 to 3 minutes. Fold in 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind, serve with honey crumb meringue.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Elbam, 414 Malabar Rd., Maroubra Bay, N.S.W.



DURING preparation of prize-winning recipe, make fruit and nut balls first, then beat up meringue. Cover each ball completely with meringue, as shown at left, and top with glazed cherry after cooking on greased tray.

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LONG VIEW of reception - room dominated by large windows which look out over harbor. Walls and lacquered shelves for ornaments are of the palest pink, and bracket wall-lamps are rose satin shaded. Brocade lounge-for-two is a soft green, and the figured carpet is of pink and green tonings.



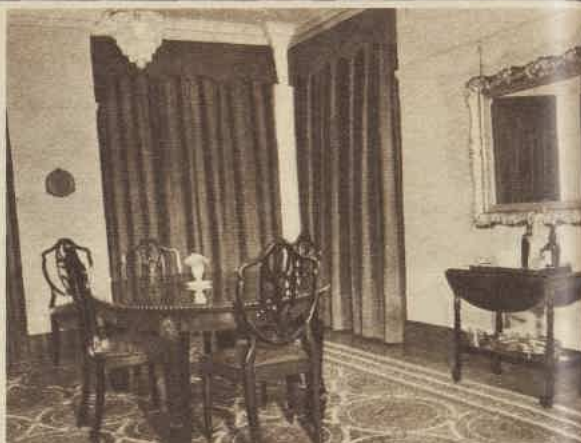
Attractive harborside flat . . .

A GRACEFUL and spacious air is given to Mrs. Dorothy Shepherd's harborside flat at Elizabeth Bay, N.S.W., by her grouping of tasteful antique pieces of furniture.

The pale pink walls and the mellow sheen of the furniture take on a beautiful glow when the crystal chandeliers and rose satin shaded wall lamps are lit.

The enormous windows at the end of the reception room look out over Rushcutters Bay, as does the pillared verandah which opens off the reception room and the master bedroom.

At one end of the drawing-room the polished floor is left bare and the furnishings are a divan, a radio-gram, and a baby grand piano. This is Mrs. Shepherd's teenage daughter's corner for entertaining her friends.



CRYSTAL CHANDELIER is reflected in dull sheen of cedar dining-room suite. Tiny round mirror and enormous square mirror are both elaborately gilt framed, and floor-length moire curtains are the color of burgundy.



REED MAT covers green floor of verandah overlooking harbor. Furniture is lacquered green, cream, and red. Yachts in Rushcutters Bay can be seen through pillared verandah rail.



CLOSE VIEW of cozy fireside setting shows wing-backed brocade chair, pale pink lacquered fireplace, and mantel with a glimpse of built-in shelves on each side. Wrought-metal gilt-framed watercolor hangs over mantel.

CONTROL OF FRUIT-SPOILING PESTS

HOME gardeners who have tried to grow stone fruit trees know well the damage which can be caused by the fruit fly.

But it is a pest which, with a little patent care, can be controlled if not eradicated.

Although mostly found in peaches, nectarines, apricots, plums, apples, pears, and persimmons, it also attacks avocados, bananas, passionfruits, cherries, cumquats, feijoa, figs, grapefruits, guavas, loquats, mandarins, mangoes, and quinces.

The first precaution against the pest is to pick up and burn or boil all fallen fruit, which is usually ripest and a good breeding ground for the fruit fly. Unless this is done every few days the fly will increase rapidly and infest all clean fruit remaining on the trees.

Other control measures consist of splashing the foliage with the following mixture: Nicotine sulphate, 1 fluid oz.; 20 per cent. D.D.T. emulsion, 2 fluid oz.; sugar, 2lb.; and water, 4 gallons. Or for a smaller quantity mix up 1 teaspoonful of nicotine sulphate, 2 teaspoons of 20 per cent. D.D.T. emulsion, 4oz. sugar, and 4 pints of water.

This should not be used as an over-all spray, as the mixture is difficult to remove from the fruit. It should be applied to the foliage only every few days for about five weeks before the fruit is ripe enough to pick. A coarse brush, such as a kalsomine brush, is the easiest and safest way of applying the mixture.

The same mixture can be used on tomato plants at this time of the year.—Our Home Gardener.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 28, 1950



DINETTE can be a versatile room if furniture is chosen with care. Vivid yellow walls, a maroon rug, and wide picture window give an appearance of spaciousness. Furniture is of blond honey-colored wood, and chair-seats are covered with washable plastic material.

Dinette has many uses

- Few people have a home as roomy as they would like it to be, so careful planning is essential when furnishing.

SMALL houses and flats usually have a small dinette or breakfast nook adjoining the kitchen instead of a dining-room.

Such a cosy corner can serve many purposes besides dining. It can be used as a miniature games room, hobby room, children's play room, or an office-at-home.

If the furniture is not built in, small functional furniture, chosen to suit the style of the rest of the house or flat, is the best selection for a nook of this type.

For those who enjoy color, unpainted pieces which can be lacquered to match the prevailing scheme are an excellent choice.

Wrought-iron furniture, available in white or painted in soft pastel colors, is a graceful and decorative addition to the small room.

The dinette illustrated above is separated from a large living-room by a bookcase and is furnished with carefully chosen small-scale pieces made in honey-blond wood.

The table can do triple service as a homework table for children, a games table, and a dining-table. Four light pull-up chairs have plastic-covered seats, durable and washable, and a small but capacious console server is placed near the kitchen door. The little serving table can be used as a home desk.

The vivid yellow of the walls, the maroon rug, the wide picture window with its venetian blind and chintz draperies with a splashy pattern in green, rust, and yellow on a pale green background, and the blond furniture all combine to create a feeling of spaciousness in this small, compact area.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

THE skin and pith of an orange will come away quite easily if it is dropped into very hot water and left to soak for a few minutes.



LEMONS will keep for much longer than usual if they are immersed in water in a closed dish.

TO replace the tips on shoe laces, dip the end of the lace in melted sealing-wax of the same color and, while the wax is still warm, shape to a point with the fingers.

AN excellent peg bag, and one which can be hooked to the clothes-line, can be made by covering a coat-hanger with a piece of canvas or hessian, sewing up the sides, and either cutting a slit near the top or leaving a piece overlapping like the flap of an envelope.

MOSS-STITCH is firmer and is given character if one knits into the back of the plain stitches.

A GOOD paste can be made by mixing equal parts of gum arabic and water in a tin, and placing near the stove to heat gradually. Stir frequently, and when quite smooth add a little alcohol to prevent it from going sour. Use evenly and thinly.

BANISH the onion odor from a kitchen knife by running the blade over the flame of a match.



No matter how hard or dirty a job you have to do, FAULding BARRIER CREAM will protect your hands against ingrained dirt and skin roughness. Before you commence work, apply BARRIER CREAM to your hands and wash it off afterwards with soap and water. The grease, dirt or other toil stains will come off with the cream and your hands will be left



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**The Australian Women's
Weekly (1933 - 1982)**

Issue 1950-01-28

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS . . .

No. 274—LUNCHEON SET
Traced ready to embroider, this set is obtainable in heavy cream linen, sheer linen in shades of blue, lemon, pink, green, and white, or a fine British cotton in green, blue, lemon, and pink.
Price: 8-piece set, comprising 1 centre, 4 plate, 4 cup and saucer mats, linen 14/11, cotton 10/11, regd. postage, 1/6 extra. Thirteen-piece set, comprising 1 centre, 4 plate, 4 cup and saucer mats, linen 16/11, cotton 12/11, regd. postage, 1/8 extra. Serviettes to match. Linen 1/3 each, cotton 1/- each, postage, 2/6d. extra.

No. 275—SUFFER SET
This set has the design clearly traced ready to embroider on heavy cream linen, also sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, green, and white, and on British cotton in green, blue, lemon, and pink. Lace for edge not supplied.
Sizes: Cloth, 36 x 36in., linen 12/11, cotton 7/9, regd. postage 1/- extra. Serviettes, linen, 11 x 11in., 1/2 each, cotton 1/- each, postage 2/6d. extra. Dayleys, 8 x 8in., linen 1/- each, cotton 9d. each, postage 2/6d. extra.

No. 276—CHECK SHIRT
Cut out ready for you to make yourself, this gay gingham shirt is obtainable in red, blue, and green checks on white backgrounds.
Sizes: 2 years, 5/11, postage 6/6d.; 3 years, 6/2, postage 6/6d.; 4 years, 6/9, postage 7/6d.; 5-6 years, 7/3, postage 9/6d.

No. 277—HOUSE FROCK
Wide lapels and cross-over bodice are features of this pretty frock. It is available, cut out ready to sew, in a multi-colored pastel check material, and also in a pink or blue check on white ground.
Sizes: 33 and 34in. bust, 21/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 23/11; postage, 2/- extra.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 274, 275, 276, and 277, make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

F5865—Pre-autumn topper features new season's details—high collar, cuffed sleeves, and large pockets. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

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F5867—Boy's nicely tailored shirt and pants. Sizes 20, 22, 24, and 26in. lengths for 4, 6, 8, 10 years. Requires 1 1/2 yds. 36in. material for shirt and 3/4 yd. 54in. for trousers. Price, 1/11.

F5868—Simple daytime dress has smooth shoulder-line and three-quarter cuffed sleeves. Sizes, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1/2 yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

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